

971

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EMBELLISHMENT—*Portraiture of Tranby.*

### TRANBY.

THIS very celebrated imported horse, whose likeness embellishes this number of the American Turf Register, was foaled in 1826. He was bred by Mr. Townrow, and purchased when very young by Mr. Ridsdale, one of the most distinguished sportsmen in England. He was got by Blacklock, the sire of Brutandorf, Laurel, Belzoni, Belshazzar, Brownlock, Olympus, Moss Rose, Buzzard, &c.; his dam by Orville, grandam Miss Grimstone, by Weasel, Ancaster, Damascus Arabian, Sampson, Oroonoko, sister to Mirza by the Godolphin Arabian, Hobgoblin, Whitefoot, Leedes, Moonah Barb mare. This pedigree embraces the best blood of ancient and modern times. Blacklock ran second for the St. Leger, and ought to have won it, and afterwards ran four miles in 7 minutes and 25 seconds, and was a most successful and valuable stallion. Orville won the St. Leger, and was the

best four mile horse of his day, and afterwards proved to be the best stallion. The other crosses were as much distinguished in their day.

Tranby did not start until he was four years old, 1830. At Newmarket first Spring Meeting, Tranby, 113lbs. ran second to Bolivar, 111lbs. for a sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, for three year olds, (8 subs.) A. F., beating Acacia, 107lbs. &c.

Newmarket second Spring meeting—Handicap sweepstakes, Ab. M. for all ages :

Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Tranby, by Blacklock, four years old, 116lbs.	-	1
Lord Worcester's b. h. Coulon, five years old, 126lbs.	-	2
Lord Mountcharles's b. c. Benedick, four years old, 108lbs.	-	3
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Tramp, three years old, 90lbs.	-	4

Newmarket July Meeting—Handicap stakes of 15 sovs. each, (9 subs.)

Mr. Gully's br. c. Tranby, four years old, 123lbs.	-	-	-	1
Lord Sowerby's bl. c. Gas, four years old, 114lbs.	-	-	-	2
Mr. Day's Tiny, three years old, 91lbs.	-	-	-	3

Four others started, but were not placed.

At Brighton, he was beat for the Brighton stakes, and at Goodwood for the Cup.

Newmarket second October meeting—Match for 200, h. f. T. Y. C. (two years old course.)

Mr. Gully's br. c. Tranby, four years old, 119lbs.	-	-	-	1
Mr. Thornhill's ch. h. Merchant, five years old, 113lbs.	-	-	-	2

Same meeting, being handicapped very high, he was beat for the Cup, Ab. M. Harold, the winner, four years old, carried 121lbs. while Tranby, of the same age, carried 128lbs. A few days after he beat the winner.

Newmarket Houghton meeting—Match of 100, Ab. M.

Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Tranby, four years old, 119lbs.	-	-	-	1
Mr. Cooke's b. c. Harold, four years old, 116lbs.	-	-	-	2

Five to two on Tranby—won easy.

1831. At Newmarket Spring meeting, Tranby was beat for a sweepstakes, and the Craven stakes, won by Priam.

Pontefract, September. The Gold Cup, value 100 gs. by 8 subscribers of 10 gs. each, with 20 added—once round and a distance.

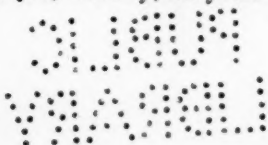
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. Medora, aged, 129lbs.	-	-	-	1
Mr. Gully's br. h. Tranby, five years old, 124lbs.	-	-	-	2
Mr. Petri's ch. c. Ratler, three years old, 96lbs.	-	-	-	3
Lord Scarborough's b. h. Cambridge, six years old, 129lbs.	-	-	-	4

'A most excellent race, and won only by half a head.'—*Johnson's*

*Racing Calendar.*

Next day, seventy pounds, two mile heats :

Mr. Gully's br. h. Tranby, five years old, 118lbs.	-	-	-	1	1
Lord Sligo's br. c. Brine, four years old, 106lbs.	-	-	-	4	2
Lord Scarborough's b. h. Cistercian, five years old, 118lbs.	-	-	-	2	0
Mr. Davidson's b. h. Victory, six years old, 129lbs.	-	-	-	3	0



At Doncaster, he ran third to Emancipation and Birmingham, beating Hassan, The Nabb, Clarence, Robin Hood, and two others.

At Heaton Park, he ran second to Circassian, beating Tetotum, Orthodox, Bras de Fer, and three others; and carrying 154lbs. ran second to Jocko, aged, 158lbs. beating The Chancellor.

Next day, the Forester Stakes of 10 sovs. each; 12st. 7lbs. each, A. F. (7 subscribers.)

Mr. Gully's br. h. Tranby, five years old, 175lbs.	-	-	-	1
Mr. Thompson's br. g. Orthodox, aged, 175lbs.	-	-	-	2
Mr. Jodrell's ch. h. Victim, six years old, 175lbs.	-	-	-	3

The day after, he, with 177lbs. was beat by Sketchbook, four years old, 146lbs. and Jupiter, aged, 177lbs. He afterwards beat the winner.

At Newmarket Houghton meeting, he was beat for a handicap purse of £50, and for a handicap purse of £100, by Bustle, four years old, 104lbs. and Guildford, five years old, 110lbs. while Tranby, five years old, carried 124lbs.

On the Saturday of this meeting, Mr. Osbaldeston performed his famous match against time, in which Tranby proved to be the best horse.

1832. Newmarket Craven meeting—Tranby, six years old, won the second class of the Oatland stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. f. D. J. (9 subscribers.)

Mr. Gully's br. h. Tranby, by Blacklock, six years old, 121lbs.	-	-	1
Lord Wilton's b. c. Chancellor, three years old, 107lbs.	-	-	2
Lord Exeter's ch. c. Bohemian, three years old, 96lbs.	-	-	3

Lucetta, Schumla, and Spaniel also started, but were not placed.

Newmarket first Spring meeting—Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. f. R. M. (7 subs.)

Mr. Gully's br. h. Tranby, five years old, 118lbs.	-	-	1
Lord Tavistock's ch. c. Gondolier, four years old, 111lbs.	-	-	2

Anti-Catholic, Rough Robin, Cloudesley, and Kean also started, but were not placed.

'Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. f. R. M. had seven subscribers, and six to run, which was won in first rate style by Tranby, three parts of a length, delightfully rode by Wheatly, giving weight to every thing in the race, and in one instance 16 lbs. to a horse of his own year. Poor Tranby! had he been gifted like Balaam's ass, there is no doubt but he would have said, 'To what vile purposes are we wretches made! I! that am nearly (I say it without vanity) the best, if not quite, race horse in this boasted country—and it is only six short months ago that I was forced to gallop about Newmarket heath, doing the drudgery of a common hack, of so many miles in a given time, to gratify the vanity of one which never can be gratified, and the avarice of others which never will be satisfied.'—*Second series of Sporting Magazine, vol. v. p. 133.*

'About the best horse of his year, at this season, was old Tranby, he having won both his races, the Oatlands and the handicap, in a canter.

The fact was, the horse had an enlargement of one joint. Considering the performances (the greatest on record) of Tranby, the previous Houghton meeting with Mr. Osbaldeston, one is not surprised at any failure of joints, but that he could ever have run again at all, much less in the style in which he did—having in both his races proved himself of the very *first rank, both as to stoutness and speed*; and I cannot but think a horse of his size, power, and racing qualifications, calculated to make one of the most favoured stallions in the country; and the Royal Stud at Hampton Court (where the horse now is) will be graced by the addition of such an animal, and I shall be greatly surprised if our principal breeders do not send their best mares to him.—*Sporting Magazine, second series, vol. vi. p. 69.*

While in training, Tranby was the trial horse of Mr. Ridsdale's stable, and was hardly ever prepared and pointed for any particular race. Hence, he lost some of his races which, under other circumstances, he would have won with ease. The foregoing quotations, taken from a work which has no interest in puffing or unduly praising Tranby, and recording the opinions of disinterested judges, show how very high is the estimate of Tranby's racing qualifications by those who know him.

The performance of Mr. Osbaldeston has been so often referred to, and is in general so well understood, that little need be said. During this match, Mr. Osbaldeston rode Tranby four heats, and in the following time.

Tranby was five years old, and carried 157 lbs. and performed

The first heat in	-	-	-	8m. 10s.
second heat in	-	-	-	8m.
third heat in	-	-	-	8m. 15s.
fourth heat in	-	-	-	8m. 50s.

And this performance was during a hard rain and wind, and the storm was at times so violent that the horses could not be made to face it. No performance at all comparable with this has ever been witnessed in this country, and in all probability it has never been equalled in England.

Tranby, when taken from the turf, was farmed by the King of England, and covered three seasons at Hampton Court. He was then purchased and imported into the United States. His get in England and this country both are very promising. He has also proved himself a very sure as well as very good stallion.

Tranby is five feet two inches high, and a horse of great length, substance, and power, and very rich brown color. His action is very free and good. He is excellent in all essential points, and unequalled in some, especially his back. He is not only very strong and active, but is uncommonly beautiful, and striking in his form. M.



## BREEDING FOR THE TURF, THE FIELD, AND THE ROAD.

[The Farmers' Magazine, published in England, is a work of great merit; it is sustained by a number of gentlemen of fortune, education, and practical experience, and is filled with various essays on grains, grass, and stock. From this work we have selected an article on breeding for the Field, the Turf, and the Road. It is evidently written by one conversant with the subject; and, as it has our entire approbation, we do not hesitate to lay it before our patrons, and recommend it to their perusal.—EDITOR.]

Notwithstanding the splendid animals which constantly appear on our race-course, I feel an unqualified conviction that breeding for the turf has never yet been pursued upon a correct system of philosophy, or rather, perhaps I ought to say, upon the true principles of physiology; and that, consequently, there is much yet to learn upon this highly interesting and very important subject. In mentioning *Breeding for the Turf*, it will easily be perceived that I mean it to be understood as the concise aggregate for the saddle horse; for, although in the mode of going, and even in form, a difference is clearly perceptible, yet the courser, the hunter, the troop horse, and the hack, form merely so many shades, or trifling ramifications, of the horse, and a parity of reasoning will apply to each. I am well aware of the difficulty of arriving at conclusions mathematically correct upon the subject which it is here proposed to discuss, however plausible our system may appear upon paper; nor have we indeed any right to expect such a consummation, since experience abundantly proves, that our limited faculties are inadequate to the task of unravelling the mysterious operations of nature. Yet, such a consideration ought by no means to deter us from investigation; perseverance, directed by acute perception and good sense, has frequently accomplished what had been regarded as impossible of attainment; and, if our faculties be limited, as no doubt they are, the fact itself impresses indelible conviction on the mind, that we are utterly unconscious of the boundary to which they extend, and that very circumstance ought to operate as a stimulus to our industry.

It may, and no doubt will, appear a startling doctrine to the old turfite, or breeder for the turf, to assert that the correct system of breeding is not understood; and he will immediately point to the Godolphin Arabian, (or rather his stock,) to Eclipse, to Childers, to Shark, to Sir Peter Teazle, to Smolensko,\* and many other

\* One word, however, *en passant*: in these cases, the circumstances of success have been purely accidental, and have been, by no means, the result of solid judgment, founded upon the true principles of physiology: more of this anon.

remarkable specimens or examples, as the most positive and silencing contradictions to our audacious and insulting presumption: his countenance would assume a bitter sneer, a sardonic grin of contempt, and he would most likely not only decline further controversy, but set us down in his own mind as well qualified for a lunatic asylum. But we are not to be thus driven from our purpose; where truth seems to lead the way, we will follow, in defiance of the sneers of the unreflecting, the scoffs of presumptuous, unlettered, and dogmatic ignorance; and if we attain not to perfection, if we reach not the very apex of the science which we are endeavouring to cultivate, we shall scarcely fail to arrive at interesting and satisfactory conclusions, which will most amply repay the trouble of investigation.

Although I have admitted our ignorance as to the abstruse, or rather inscrutable, operations of nature, yet it cannot be denied that the indefatigable perseverance of the human mind has removed the screen from much that would otherwise have never been discovered, and consequently not understood, and formed a basis to the present inquiry at once solid, satisfactory and immutable. In this case, then, it will easily be perceived, that from a proper foundation upon which to erect our edifice, we must look to those alterations or improvements which have been accomplished where nature has been judiciously assisted by art, or rather by human genius. Pigeons, as the fanciers of these birds will tell you, can be bred to a feather; or, in other words, they can be made to assume a variety of sizes, a variety of forms, and a variety of colours; and indeed so well understood is the system of breeding pigeons, that the form, size, colour, and feather, can be anticipated with tolerable accuracy. We are presented with another striking example of the influence which is exercised upon nature in the endless varieties of the dog tribe which are incessantly offering themselves to our observation. There can be no question that the varieties of the dog, in a state of nature, were very few, and such merely as resulted from the effect of climate, nor have I the least doubt, that the dog, in a state of nature, at the present day, is precisely similar to his progenitor two thousand years ago: but if we contemplate our present race of what, for the sake of a better expression I may call our domestic dogs, we shall find, that, while we can classify some dozens or scores of admitted and well known varieties, there still remains a countless multitude, differing from each other, but yet not susceptible of specific arrangement: or, at least, which have not been admitted to the distinction of acknowledged classification.

Observations similar to the above are equally applicable to the hog tribe. It is true, we can easily enough trace in the form and features

of our domestic hogs, the original progenitor, either in the wild animal of Europe, or the fiercer and smaller hog of the East, or in a mixture of the two: yet the endless variety of our swine impressively demonstrates the accommodating pliability of nature to the advantage, the wishes, or the caprice of man.

Pursuing this train of reasoning, we instance that indispensable creature, the sheep, as another incontestible proof of the progress of improvement, where the operations of nature have been directed and assisted by human genius. The wild sheep of Africa and the East can scarcely be recognized as the source whence have sprung the present highly improved varieties. On this subject, it would amount to a species of semi-treason to omit the name of Bakewell, to whom we are indebted for the most beautiful and the most valuable sheep in the world. This gentleman (when living) resided at the small village of Dishley, two miles from Loughborough, Leicestershire; and by unwearied perseverance, sound judgment, and at the expense of a moderate fortune, succeeded in producing that beautiful animal of the tribe under consideration, known by the name of the Leicestershire sheep. By crossing the Charnwood Forest sheep with the Lincolnshire breed: that is, by repeated crosses, he produced the beautiful snake-headed form, a large, and comparatively fine, fleece, and more flesh upon the same weight of bone than had ever yet been seen. It should be mentioned, however, that his attention was directed also to the improvement of horned cattle, draught horses, and farming stock in general.

The effect of human cultivation is remarkably perceptible in horned cattle; and indeed observations similar to the preceding may be applied to every animal, which man has taken under his protection and rendered domestic. Nor need we stop here: since, if we contemplate the vegetable kingdom, we may reasonably enough be astonished, at the vast improvements effected by human genius, in directing and assisting the operations of yielding and beneficent nature. If it has never yet been ascertained how far improvement may be carried, (and in all probability this is a point which never can be ascertained with precision) sufficient has been accomplished to stimulate to further exertions those who feel an interest in conferring benefits on mankind, and who have the means of carrying their laudable intentions into execution.

The preceding observations appeared necessary for the elucidation of the object under consideration, and particularly to shew the complying disposition of nature, and that the most astonishing results may be produced when her operations are assisted (not outraged) by the energies of human genius, or what may be called the homo-

geneous influence of art. In regard to the animals we have enumerated, and which under human cultivation, have experienced so great a change, inasmuch as their structure or organization was less complex than that of the horse, less subject to disease, and their domestication less at variance with simple nature, the changes that were wrought in them were accomplished with much less difficulty than similar results can be obtained in the animal peculiarly under our consideration.

It has long been the practice of those who breed for the turf, to choose animals for this purpose of a particular family; or what, in the phraseology of the school, would be called *blood*; that is, the blood of a certain favourite family: without that attention to form, which is indispensable to improvement or perfection. Thus, if a horse happen to be successful on the turf—if he happen to win the St. Leger, for instance, he becomes a favourite stallion; and the leading principles of breeding *may* be thus superseded: I say *may*, as it by no means follows that such will be the case, since it will frequently be found, on examination, that these successful horses possess superior animal organization; in fact, this *must* be the case, or they could not win; and therefore it must be admitted, the breeders were not in the wrong, (supposing the horse was not diseased,) though they could give no other reason for their conduct than that the horse was a successful racer. Whenever a horse becomes pre-eminently distinguished as a racer, his superiority is unreflectingly attributed to his *blood*, instead of his *form*. For my own part, were I a breeder, my attention would be directed to the form and quality of the animal: If I found his form consistent with the principles of power and speed, that his tendon was large and well defined, his joints large; that his bone, upon the touch, gave the impress or idea of ivory; that his feet were well formed, his eye full and clear, his breathing free and noiseless; in fact, if I felt satisfied with his form, texture, and soundness, I should scarcely think it necessary to inquire concerning his *blood*, that is, to ask whence he sprung,—I should feel no anxiety to trace his pedigree, though I might ultimately find, that he united the blood of the Godolphin and the Darley Arabians. Once more, however, I must observe, that what is called the best blood in the country will be uniformly found to exhibit the finest forms; and consequently the animal organization and texture demonstrate what is generally termed *blood*. But if a horse or mare presented the finest possible form, with bone and tendon of the best quality, I would not breed from either the one or the other, unless free from blemish; that is, free from any blemish that would be likely to be communicated from the parent to the offspring. The



strong sympathy which operates on the fœtus from the mind of the parent is demonstrated in a countless variety of instances, to say nothing of the doctrine which Darwin has propagated on the subject, and which, however romantic and fanciful it may appear at the first blush, will be found, on investigation, physiologically correct: how, for instance, would the kid or the fawn be aware, in the earliest period of its existence, that the lion and the tiger were its unrelenting enemies, if the intelligence had not been previously communicated? But such is the case, as they (instinctively, as it is generally expressed,) fly from their enemies the first moment they behold them, or even (by means of their olfactory organs) perceive their approach. Similar observations will apply to the mouse and the cat, the rat and the weasel, the pigeon and the hawk; and, indeed, the most casual observer, if he reflect for one moment upon the subject, will be abundantly convinced of the incontestible truth of the doctrine of what I may be allowed to call sympathetic communication. It is true, we are unacquainted with the mode in which the information is thus mysteriously and wonderfully transmitted, but the fact is nevertheless incontrovertible; and therefore, since the *modus operandi* is placed beyond the reach of human investigation, we ought to rest satisfied with the result, which we see demonstrated in numberless instances around us. Now, since we see the sympathetic operations of the cerebral organs thus transmitted from parents to offspring, how much more likely is any defect or disease of the animal organization to descend to the progeny? and how careful therefore ought we to be, in making our selection, that the sire and dam should be as perfect as possible.

In regard to the horse, a sire or dam may be blemished on the knee from jumping a wall, or some such circumstance, and such a blemish, as far as relates to breeding, would amount to nothing; but, if the said blemish was caused by a fall, arising from malformation, (from an upright shoulder, for instance,) the produce of such an animal would be very likely indeed to present a similar defect.

If we select one hundred horses which have finished their racing career, we shall find ninety at least, on an average, with faulty fore legs; and indeed diseases of the fore legs generally appear before they have left the turf. The hind legs are not so liable to give way or become diseased as the fore legs, in my opinion for the following reason:—in galloping, the whole weight of the animal is forcibly thrown on the fore legs every stride or stroke; and as the racer is trained to go as close to the ground as possible before, (to become a *daisy-cutter*,) the shock must be very considerable, very great when the ground happens to be hard; and therefore the injury that must

consequently ensue, where the bone and tendon have not received half their development, may be conceived, perhaps, but no form of words can image it impressively or correctly on the mind. In speaking of the fore legs, I intend to be understood as including the fore feet also, since it is the delicate and complex mechanism of the foot that generally sustains the most serious injury. The celebrated Buckle, (now no more,) when called upon to ride a horse with which he was not acquainted, uniformly examined his fore feet, and if he felt himself satisfied, mounted without hesitation. When any thing is amiss forward, it will be detected by an experienced eye, though it will frequently be found very difficult, if not impossible, to state the precise nature of it, or the exact spot where it is situated.

For reasons already given it will be easily perceived, that the hind legs are less liable to injury or disease than the fore legs; yet, when it is considered that an animal which does not attain its maturity till the age of seven, is forced to the severest exertion when, and frequently before, it has attained its second year, it is by no means surprising that splents, curbs, spavins, and capped hocks, should make their appearance. In the first instance, each of these will generally be found to have originated from overstrained exertion; and if the produce of animals thus affected do not present any thing of the kind in the early period of their existence, they generally inherit a predisposition or susceptibility for their easy reception, and they seldom fail to make their appearance on the most trifling occasion. Curbs will be found to appear more frequently, where the animal presents that form of the leg and thigh which gives to the hock a more angular appearance than usual.

As to *frushes* or *thrushes*—choose which name you will, since the terms are used indiscriminately—if the foot be well formed, (as round as possible,) I think but little of them. I have found them generally to arise from filth and inattention; and I have also found that they more frequently make their appearance in the feet of greedy-feeding horses, than those of a contrary description. Yet here again we must admit, that, as like produces like, so the stock of greedy-feeding horses is very likely indeed to receive or inherit a similar disposition. Frushes would appear, according to my notion, to be the overflowings of the juices produced by too much food, which the ordinary channels of nature are unable to carry off. Greedy-feeding horses are liable to scurf and scab in the hollow of the pasterns, arising, I apprehend, from the same cause: but I would not refuse a greedy-feeder, but rather prefer a horse of this description, since frushes will seldom make their appearance where proper attention is paid to the animal. Delicate feeders can never endure much fatigue. It is true,

they appear alert, lively, and even spirited, when first brought out, because their stomach and intestines are never loaded; generally half empty. They are what I call slight-ribbed horses; are light in carcass; will shew speed for a short distance, but cannot maintain it. They may win a short race; but they are ill calculated for military purposes, incapable of the fatigue of the chase; but may answer for hacks, where long-continued exertion is not called for. A shy feeder is frequently troublesome, as such an animal will be often found to require stimulants to appetite.

*Roaring* is a common disease among racehorses, more commonly found on the race-course than in the hunting or military stable, or indeed any where else. There must be a cause for it: the racer is frequently on the muzzle, this produces crib-biting; the throat of the horse is bound with a strap to prevent the disgusting practice of crib-biting: does not, therefore, this constant use of the strap frequently produce that constriction which causes the animal to emit the discordant noise called roaring?

*Roaring* is a disease which descends from one generation to another. I am aware that the late Mr. Cline entertained a different opinion; but innumerable instances have proved the incorrectness of it. The scientific Perceval particularly notices the subject in his lectures; but his observations throw very little light on the cause of this incurable disorder. It is, however, an incontestible fact, that a stallion afflicted with roaring will generally produce roarers. The disease may not make its appearance at first; but, inasmuch as there exists a predisposition in the system, it generally shews itself at an early period, particularly if the animal is put to severe exertion.

Similar remarks will apply to the eyes: a blind stallion, it is well known, will produce stock with eyes which generally lose their sight at an early period of life. It is necessary, however, to state, that if, by accident, the horse has lost his sight, it alters the case; but where, from the smallness, muddy or bad quality of the eye, the animal becomes blind, it is very injudicious to breed from him.

The principle of *like producing like* prevails not only with respect to animal organization, but also to the disposition, or what perhaps may be more powerfully expressed, if I be allowed to use the term, by *mental temperament*. Vicious and restive horses generally communicate those evil qualities to their progeny. Of the incontestible truth of this doctrine we have many living examples, particularly in the stock of the powerful grey horse Friend Ned, who died some few years ago; and of the living Lottery, purchased some time since by Louis Philippe, of France, for £1,500. I have seen a few good-tempered animals descended from Friend Ned; but by far the greater

part of his stock manifest that hurly-burly restive disposition for which the horse himself was so remarkable. Restiveness arises from laziness, a disinclination to exertion, since nothing can be quieter in the stable than these Friend Neds; nothing can be quieter on the road, if allowed to proceed at their own pace; but when pressed to more severe exertion, they testify their unwillingness in a manner very unpleasant to the rider, and of course not unattended with danger. The vice of Lottery is of a different description. He is as dangerous in the stable as he was uncertain and dangerous on the course; and the greater part of the stock which he has left behind him in this country manifest much the same vicious propensities as their sire.

These observations might be extended to many more instances, were it necessary, which it is not, as sufficient has been said to shew how highly advisable it is to avoid breeding from horses of a restive or vicious disposition.

Having already noticed the defective or diseased fore legs, which are generally found in racers, we must here observe, that, although in the first instance the disease or defect might be produced by precocious or overstrained exertions, yet it becomes hereditary, and is communicated from the sire to his progeny. Champion, a horse of acknowledged superiority, became, in the language of the school, *amiss before*. In nine instances out of ten he communicated the disease; and though he was the sire of Signorina and several good racers, yet, generally speaking, the fore legs of his stock *would not stand*.

Instances might be given, were it requisite, to prove to demonstration, not only that the vicious temper is transmitted to the offspring, not merely that the form descends to the progeny, but that almost all the diseases (if not the whole catalogue of them) of which the horse is susceptible, are also visited upon the produce.

If a horse prove successful on the turf, (supposing him to be quite free from blemish,) he continues to run as long as he has a chance of success. His age very soon takes him out of all the great stakes, when he is named for the cups; and as these are, for the most part, handicapped, he is weighted, to reduce him to a level with inferior competitors, and he must be an extraordinary animal indeed, that can continue to support, for any length of time, the overload which he is thus doomed to carry. Speaking on the broad principle, the horse either *breaks down*, or is *stumped up*, or *battered to pieces*, before he has arrived at maturity, before he has reached his seventh year; very often before he has attained his fifth year, or perhaps his fourth, or perhaps his third. However, let his age be what it may when he



leaves the course, if his performance has been such as to entitle him to distinguished notice, he is announced as a stallion. He is thus announced, be it repeated, after having had his tendons strained to their utmost tension—even to cracking; after having, from overstrained exertion, become a cripple before, and thrown up curbs and spavins behind; after having had, in fact, his constitution destroyed, and his vigour, consequently, irreparably injured. Can a healthy vigorous stock be expected under such circumstances? Certainly not: yet such is the present state of the turf!

That very superior horse Birmingham was destroyed by over-exertion. Beardsworth, his original owner, advertised him for sale in the early part of 1833, and he came into the possession of the late Mr. Scarisbrick, of Lancashire, at the price of fifteen hundred pounds; shortly after suspicions were entertained as to his soundness. I saw him come out for his first race in 1833, at Chester. I saw him take his gallop early in the morning, two days previous to his running, and became thoroughly convinced that he laboured under the first degree of roaring. At the latter end of the summer of the same year, on the demise of Mr. Scarisbrick, this horse was purchased by a Russian agent, for the Emperor Nicholas. He will unquestionably produce inferior and diseased stock. His legs are battered and his wind diseased, that is, he is by this time a confirmed and inveterate roarer. The Russian agent was a miserable judge; he had no idea of sympathetic physiology, or he would not thus have spent his master's money. But, indeed, he laboured under much the same degree of ignorance as all these agents do with whom I have had an opportunity of conversing: they form their opinion principally from the successful races which the horse has run: a criterion upon which dependence should never be implicitly placed.

From what has been stated, it is very evident that few of our successful racers are calculated to produce good stock. Let us look for a moment at the manner in which a racer is prepared for the course; at the physic which is administered to him; at the sweatings, the bleedings, &c. to which he is subjected: let us consider these circumstances, physiologically or philosophically, and we shall arrive at the conclusion, that where a horse or mare has been kept on the turf for a series of years, the constitution must have sustained so much injury as to preclude healthy or vigorous stock. Further, let it be kept steadily in mind, that some of our best racers have been produced from animals which had scarcely ever appeared on the turf,—in some instances where they had never appeared, perhaps had never been trained.

I could specify several, if not many, living instances of battered

and diseased stallions, whose produce are sure to inherit the defects of the sire; but it might appear invidious, and I shall therefore proceed to state, that any breeder, anxious to obtain a healthy, vigorous, promising stock, should select the parents, both sire and dam, in the first place for their vigorous health, and in the next, for their form and animal organization. Should the dam be defective in any point, if, for instance, she be too light in the hind quarters, a sire should be chosen of an opposite form. Should the sire be rather upright in the shoulder, select a dam remarkable for the slope of that part, and thus proceed to counteract defects in form. If the form of both be perfect, nothing more can be wished on that score. It is very injudicious to breed from a very old horse or a very old mare, particularly the latter.

The thread of our story brings us again to notice the Godolphin Arabian, Eclipse, Sir Peter Teazle, &c. The stock of the Godolphin Arabian (contrary to expectation, since his trial as a stallion was merely the result of accident) proved excellent runners, and healthy vigorous animals, though the horse was held in no estimation prior to the appearance of his first-born, Lath. But, although the Godolphin Arabian could not race himself, yet, as he had never been put to any over-straining exertion, was altogether a healthy, vigorous animal, and had attained maturity, he produced excellent stock—at least till he became feeble from age, when his stock degenerated in the same ratio.

Eclipse, more celebrated than any horse for the superiority of his stock, did not make his appearance as a racer till he was five years old; and such was his power and speed, that he won all his races merely going at his rate—he was never touched with either whip or spur. His career on the course was short. No person would name in a stake in which Eclipse appeared, and the horse was therefore withdrawn from the turf in the very vigour of life, free from blemish. His stock proved of the very first description for some time; and such was the unreflecting infatuation of the times, that much surprise was expressed when this extraordinary horse, enfeebled by extreme age, no longer answered the ignorant calculations of the breeders.

Sir Peter Teazle, the property of the Earl of Derby, left the turf with a constitution unimpaired. He became a favourite stallion, and answered the expectations entertained from his extraordinary performances, till, like the horse mentioned in the preceding paragraph, enfeebled by age, similar results and similar disappointments were experienced.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## EPSOM.

THE MARQUESS OF CONYNGHAM, }  
BARON DE TEISSIER, } *Stewards.*

Epsom Races—that era in the life of a *leg*—have again come round, and again passed into the company of the things that were. They come round with unerring certainty, reminding us that another year has been added to our existence, but varying so little in external appearances, that were it not for the distinguishing name the winner of the great stakes affixes to the year, we might confuse the races of 1836 with those of 1826, or of any other meeting. The same pomp and note of preparation marks the approach of all. For months before, we have the paraded list of odds, the changes—chances—and fluctuations, produced by fair means or foul, and as the event approaches, the papers ring with the anticipated splendour of the forthcoming meeting, which is to eclipse all other years, and put all former doings to the blush. Excitement is on tip-toe! If the favourite be a ‘Ple-nipo,’ his attraction and wonderful performances are enough to create conversation, and render it imperative on all men, with the slightest pretensions to horse-craft, to witness his doings; and if he be the favourite son of a former favourite, it is equally necessary to see how the son supports the reputation of his sire, while for those to whom these motives hold out no allurements, there is always the prospect of the attendance of the king and royal family, or some great lion or unicorn of the day—with the more solid gratification of sandwiches and champagne in the open air.

Epsom Races are, generally speaking, peculiarly well timed, and in few years have they fallen more propitiously than in the present. After a winter of unusual length, and more than ordinary *desagremens*, spring at length broke in upon us with unalloyed splendour, changing the dreary barren face of winter into smiling beauteous verdure, making every one who had been pent up within doors for so many long months, to rush out and revel, like butterflies, in their new existence. There is something sweet and balmy in the return of spring, which comes home to the hearts of all, whether they have sighed for it in the retirement of the country, or waited its return in the tainted air of the city; and no wonder that the inhabitants of London—Cockneys as they are sometimes reproachingly called—should gladly avail themselves of the first excuse that offers for tasting its enjoyments, and greeting their fellow men under the azure canopy of heaven—so with light hearts, light wines, light dresses, and post-boys in light jackets, away they dash mid din, dust, and dinners, to stretch and shake themselves on Epsom Downs.

The meeting just over lacked none of the brilliancy of former years. Indeed, taking the state of the London season as a criterion, we never remember a spring that exhibited the unbounded wealth of the nation in so convincing a manner as the present, for the streets are daily crowded, for hours, with the most costly equipages, and the whole aristocracy of the land would appear to have been drawn to one common centre.

The ball on Epsom downs opened merrily on the Tuesday, with as fine a day as heart could desire, which drew full as many spectators as the opening day generally does.

The Craven Stakes, with eleven subs. produced a smart race between Sir L. Glyn's Recruit (Reeves) and Sir Gilbert Heathcote's 4 yrs. old c. Valentissimo, tailing off half a dozen others who were not placed; and the Shirley Stakes were appropriated by Conolly to Mr. Phillimore's Lady Anna, by Camel, a horse whose likelihood of getting runners our discerning optics enabled us to descry in 1831, in which year we adorned our first volume with a portrait of him. Mr. E. Peel's b. c. Morrison was second, Mr. Lucas's Tell-tale third, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote's Willesden fourth and last, which honourable situation he would have held had there been a score. Tell-tale was the favourite at 2 to 1, in consequence of having previous beaten both Lady Anna and the 'Pill Merchant,' but in racing it does not always hold that what a horse has once performed he can repeat. A wretched performance took place for the T. Y. C. sweepstakes, between Sir Gilbert Heathcote's c. Lupus, by Laurel, and an Albany thing; and Mr. Shelley wound up the day by winning a handicap 10 sovs. sweepstakes with Airy. The running exercised little influence on the betting for the great races.

Wednesday was a brilliant day in point of weather, and the sport an improvement on that of the previous one. Captain Williamson's Cadland c. out of Edith, won the Woodcote stakes with ease, beating a Jerry c. a Theodore f. and a Colonel c. Mann was the jockey. Knobstick won the cup, after a goodish race with Jacob Faithful and Pussy, tailing off a couple of others, and beating the favourite, Sherry. The struggle took place before the stand. Conolly rode the Knobstick. Nine started for the Ewell Stakes, and five for a 5 sovs. affair, in heats, called the Epsom Stakes, which Lord Chesterfield won with a nameless 3 yr. old f. by Emilius, out of Rowton's dam, with Rogers, at 6st. 11lb. on her back. The heats were most sportingly butchering, particularly the two first. The winner the favourite throughout.

In the course of the day, Ebberston went out of the betting altogether for the Derby, Bay Middleton maintaining his place at the head



of the poll, with only 2 to 1 against him; and Lord Wilton's Gladiator advanced in public estimation. A report was circulated pretty freely in London that Bay Middleton had gone amiss, and would not start. The evening was cold.

Thursday—that great and important day, big with the fate of belles, bodices, and bonnets, opened with a cloud-cast sky, and a coolish north-easterly wind. The Derby day has established a prescriptive right to a shower or two, and many were the glances at the heavens before the fair travellers could decide what gowns they should put on. 'It would be so provoking to get one's new things spoiled, and yet should it not rain, it would be equally provoking to go figures'—were the arguments, the question of staying at home never being mooted. Indeed, the horses were hired, and *must* be paid for, so where would be the use? Up to starting time the day was doubtful, but before eleven o'clock old Sol burst through the clouds, and cheered the hearts of the waverers.

Any attempt at a description of the scene presented to the eye, either on the road or the Downs, must fall so infinitely short of conveying any thing like an accurate idea of the dash, hurry, bustle, brilliancy, and confusion of the original, that in each succeeding year of our Magazine's existence we feel less competent to make the attempt. No man should pretend to any knowledge of real stirring life who has not once, at least, seen the Derby run for. It is the sight of all others that we would select to convey to a foreigner a speedy notion of our national wealth. With this apology, then, we shall content ourselves by recording that the dust was of the most refined order, and gentle gusts of wind wafted it to and fro, sprinkling and discharging its favours with all the accurate impartiality of a pepper-box. The faces of the 'high-bred sportsmen' were soon made to match their McIntoshe's. There was nothing wanting to complete the work of destruction to the wardrobe, save a good rattling shower to soak the dust into the clothes.

At an hour somewhat later than what used to be the usual hour, the following horses and riders, out of a field of 128, arrived at the starting-post:—

Lord Jersey's b. c. Bay Middleton.—Robinson.  
Lord Wilton's ch. c. Gladiator.—Scott.  
Mr. J. Day's b. c. Venison.—J. Day.  
Colonel Peel's b. c. Slane.—Pavis.  
Mr. Chifney's b. c. The Athenian.—F. Butler.  
Duke of Richmond's br. c. Sepoy.—Boyce.  
Colonel Peel's b. c. Mr. Wags.—Nat.  
Lord Chesterfield's b. c. Alfred.—S. Rogers.  
Mr. Osbaldeston's Ebberston.—Wheatley.  
Mr. Batson's b. c. Taishteer.—Wakefield.  
Lord Exeter's b. c. Muezzin.—Conolly.  
Sir L. Glyn's ch. c. Recruit.—S. Day, jun.

Mr. J. Robinson's ch. c. Whaley.—Darling.  
 Lord Lichfield's br. c. by Velocipede, out of Delphine.—Cartwright.  
 Mr. Allen's b. c. Master of the Rolls.—Lye.  
 Mr. E. Peel's br. c. Morison.—Macdonald.  
 Captain Gardner's c. Idiot.—Chapple.  
 Sir G. Heathcote's ch. c. Willesden.—Buckle.  
 Duke of Beaufort's Hatfield.—Wright.  
 Lord Chesterfield's Weighton.—E. Edwards.  
 Lord Egremont's c. by Chateau Margaux, out of Emmelina.—G. Edwards.

The manifest superiority of Bay Middleton was apparent to the veriest tyro. His size, action, and condition, all tended to support the opinion in which he was held. At the breaking up of the ring, the odds were 7 to 4 agst. him; 7 to 2 agst. Venison, who took a sudden spring in the betting, in consequence of his stable companion Recruit's race on the Tuesday, to whom he was known to be superior; 8 to 1 agst. Col. Peel's two; 10 to 1 agst. Sepoy; 12 to 1 agst. Gladiator; 25 to 1 agst. The Athenian; the same agst. Alfred; 30 to 1 agst. the Emmelina colt; the same agst. Muezzin; and 50 to 1 agst. Recruit. The once much vaunted Ebberston was altogether friendless, and there was a mystery respecting him that we could have wished to have seen avoided. The *Age* newspaper of the 15th (the Sunday preceding the race) boldly asserted that the horse was made safe.

There was a sad drawback to the race in consequence of the restiveness of The Athenian, whom neither whip nor spur could induce to go away. He went right and left, and every way but the right, and Butler had a weary time of it. At last they started without him, but many of the jockies, Scott, Buckle, Conolly, and others, missing the horse, concluded it would be a false start, and pulled their horses accordingly, which, though early in the race, still operated prejudicially. Recruit led at a gallant pace, making play for Venison, followed by Bay Middleton, and carried on the running to the top of the hill, where he declined, and Slane, Venison, and the Emmelina colt, with Gladiator, appeared in front, in company with Bay Middleton, who, however, had the race in hand as cleverly as possible, though Venison kept the lead to the distance, when Bay Middleton and Gladiator extinguished him, the former immediately after bidding adieu to Gladiator, and running in by a couple of lengths. Venison was a baddish third, Slane a poor fourth, Alfred a worse fifth, and the rest came dribbling in at their leisure—any where and no where. Bay Middleton is by Sultan, out of Cobweb, (bred by Lord Jersey) by Phantom, (a Derby winner) out of Fillagree, by Soothsayer; Webb, (Middleton's dam) by Waxy, (a Derby winner); Penelope by Trumpator. He is not in the Doncaster St. Leger, which of course considerably advances Gladiator's value.

Two races—the winners to be sold for 120 sovs. if demanded—closed the sports of the day, and the company dispersed to enjoy a

second course of dust, served up by their own, and other chariot-wheels. In the evening two gangs of gypsies quarrelled and fought, and some policemen were injured in separating the belligerents. The night set in cold and raw.

The Oaks day, as usual, was a lack-a-daisical affair. Few but the regular devotees can endure the toil of a pleasure of a second pilgrimage to the Downs. The day was very fine, and warmer than it was on the preceding one. The patience of the visitors was tried by the unusual delay in the start, the race not being decided until near four o'clock instead of three, which it ought never to exceed. This was partly occasioned by the number of false starts, of which Mr. Dawson's Fair Jane was the general promoter. The following, out of 98 subscribers, were all that came to the post :

Mr. J. Scott's b. f. Cyprian.—Scott.  
Mr. Houldsworth's Destiny.—J. Day.  
Mr. Walker's ch. f. Emineh.—Robinson.  
Mr. Dawson's br. f. Fair Jane.—T. Lye.  
Mr. Armitage's b. f. Vesper.—Cartwright.  
Lord Exeter's b. f. Toga.—Conolly.  
Lord Wilton's b. f. Grenada.—G. Edwards.  
Mr. Allen's b. f. Promise.—Pavis.  
Mr. Greatrix's ch. f. by The Colonel, out of Shortwaist.—Wheatley.  
Mr. Greville's ch. f. Marmalade.—Rogers.  
Captain Martin's ch. f. Minna.—S. Mann.  
Duke of Beaufort's Esmeralda.—Wright.

Cyprian was the decided favourite, at 2 to 1 ; Fair Jane stood at 7 to 2 ; Emineh and Vesper 8 to 1 each ; 10 to 1 agst. Destiny ; 12 to 1 agst. Promise ; 14 to 1 agst. Toga ; and 20 to 1 agst. Shortwaist.

The race—as the Oaks generally is—was sporting and true—every inch of the ground being contested. They started well together, all in a cluster in fact, Minna being the first to give way, which she did at the top of the hill, Vesper and Mr. Greatrix's filly being the next to follow her example. About a distance and a half from home the following five appeared engaged in a grand struggle : Cyprian, Fair Jane, Promise, Marmalade, and Destiny, which they maintained to the grand stand, when Cyprian and Destiny, springing forward simultaneously, made a beautiful rush in, Scott landing his mare, not without punishment—by half a length. Marmalade and Promise were two or three lengths behind, and a fine flourishing tail came sweeping down the course after them.

Cyprian is by Partisan, out of Frailty ; by Filho da Puta, out of Agatha ; by Orville—Star—Y. Marske.

For a wonder, both Derby and Oaks were carried off by the first favourites, and the week passed over without rain.

Though not of so much public interest as some meetings we have seen, this one will long be remembered as productive of one of those melancholy catastrophes that too frequently result from excessive

gambling. We allude, of course, to the lamentable suicide of the Hon. Berkeley Craven, a gentleman well known in the sporting world. He had betted unsuccessfully on the Derby, losing, it is said, some £8,000 or £9,000, which preyed so much upon his mind, that on the morning after the race he put an end to his existence by shooting himself at his residence in Connaught-terrace, Edgeware-road. The sad intelligence, which was spread abroad on the morning of the Oaks, caused a gloom not only over a numerous circle by whom the unfortunate gentleman was known and respected, but over the town generally, and will, we trust, operate as a warning to all whose hopes of realizing instantaneous wealth would lead them to speculate on turf uncertainties, rather than content themselves with what they are in possession of, or follow slower but surer means to fortune. Mr. Craven, at one time, was in the possession of an income of ten thousand a year, which by improvident speculation he had almost wholly dissipated, so much so, indeed, that the week before the race he borrowed a few hundred pounds of his solicitor, in the vain hope of retrieving himself on the Derby, but with a highly honourable mind, which no adversity could corrupt, when the money was ready, he hesitated to take it, being convinced that his book was a ruinous affair.

The settling on the 24th passed off worse than any settling day within our recollection. There was less money forthcoming than ever was known, and one noble lord, a *book* winner of £10,000, was only able to draw £3,000, while others actually went prepared to pay while they ought to have been large winners. We are happy to add that the blackleg fraternity were the heavy losers, and upon the old proverb of *ex nihilo nihil fit*, no better settling could be expected. Until gentlemen and men of reputation separate themselves from such unworthy associates, betting and book-making must continue a mere farce.

[London New Sporting Magazine.]

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### BLOOD HORSE.

MR. EDITOR :

Permit me to call your attention to a piece in the Southern Advertiser signed Wild Bill, and also to ask your insertion of it in the Turf Register. His observations on the importance of breeding for the turf in North Alabama, will apply equally well to all the middle planting states : it is true, all of them are not equally near to Mississippi as South Alabama, at this time, and during all time to come, destined to be among the best markets in the world ; yet such are the facilities of intercourse in the west, that mere distance cannot prevent other states from sharing in its benefits, while in the Atlantic states, fine horses are ready sale from New York to Savannah.



I regret that Wild Will offered no plan, better than the present system of Jockey Club associations, to induce the planters more generally to make regular breeding studs a part of their farming establishment. As I have none to offer myself, and am unwilling the subject should go to the public without a comment to elicit attention, or mark its importance, I will merely hazard the assertion, that no man can, in our country, purchase a thorough-bred mare, of racing family, breed her to horses of similar character, raise his colts well, and fail to realize a handsome profit on the investment; at least such has been the invariable result in all the instances that have come under my observation.

The late Mr. W. E. Broadnax had a mare, called Diana. From her and her descendants he made about fifty thousand dollars; and, if what others have made from the same stock were added to the value of her present descendants, the amount would equal some State dividend of the surplus.

There is no question, Mr. Broadnax, in his life, made fifty thousand dollars, by breeding fine horses; and this interfered little, if at all, with the usual agricultural profits of his farms. No one had more corn, wheat, or tobacco. His horses may be considered an item added to his profits; and I speak understandingly when I say, this item often equalled the aggregate, or gross profits of his neighbours' farms. He resided in Brunswick county, Virginia, where the climate is surely favourable, but in general the country is any thing but fertile, and much worn by the cultivation of tobacco; yet, under all these disadvantages, it was truly a money-making business.

This instance of successful breeding (for the turf) is merely offered as a comment on the following piece, taken from the Advertiser, with a view of calling attention to the subject, and inducing some one of your gifted correspondents (and many there are qualified for the task) to offer some plan which, by rewarding, may stimulate individual enterprise to promote the general interest.

In the absence of a better general system, (which I yet hope some one may offer,) I will lay down a few general rules, which may be safely adopted in the commencement.

Buy a brood mare of good form, strong constitution, pure blood, and racing family. Breed her only to a horse of the *purest blood*, himself a good performer on the turf. Avoid all doubtful pedigrees, bad temper, also all hereditary blemishes of the eyes, feet, or legs. Such horses as have been winners, at long distances, beating good horses: for their reputation should depend on the quality of the horses beaten by them, more than the number of their races. And, lastly, those stallions that have distinguished themselves by getting winners, are to be preferred.

It is my opinion, that all near affinities should be carefully avoided.

Breed only as many colts as you can raise well; and, at the proper age, let the colts be trained, and run for the best stakes, on the most fashionable courses. Their success will insure you high prices for them, and all the colts of the same stock. I . . . .

### THE BLOOD HORSE.

In presenting the outline of our plan of reviving racing associations, and reforming the sports of the turf, we have had no other object in view, than to arouse public attention to the magnitude and importance of improving the breed of horses. If we shall have succeeded in convincing those who take an interest in the general prosperity of the country, more especially farmers, breeders, and turfites, of the necessity of establishing these sports upon a more substantial and business-like footing than at present, we shall be amply rewarded. We wish them to think about these matters, well knowing that their judgment, if once properly exercised, will lead to concert of action, and be attended ultimately, with the most beneficial results.

Jockey club associations, as now constituted, afford very inadequate inducements to the breeder, as we have heretofore endeavoured to shew; but even those, feeble and inefficient as they are, are evidently on the decline, and it is probable they can be more successfully revived by striking out an entirely new plan, than by following the old one. Let the whole subject be duly considered, and adopt that system which will unite the strongest support and the greatest advantages.

Land-holders, agriculturists, and all who are permanently settled in North Alabama, should bear in mind, that the culture of cotton is better adapted to a more southern latitude, and that the time is not distant when it will cease to be profitable, both here and in Tennessee. The change from planting to a more extended and variegated cultivation, must be made by degrees. Farmers will feel their way cautiously, step by step, and carefully observe the progress of any new system before they abandon entirely their old and familiar practices; and indeed we doubt not, that cotton, to a certain extent, will continue to be produced in this part of the country, although other branches of agricultural industry may yield larger profits. This is essentially an agricultural community; and the larger the profits of agricultural labour, the greater will be the general prosperity. Having an extensive and fertile provision country to the north, and an unsurpassed cotton region on our southern border, with neither of which we can successfully compete, we are admonished by the dictates of sound policy, to venture somewhat on the field of experiment. We can conveniently make a great abundance both of

provisions and cotton for domestic consumption; but in seeking a foreign market for either, we come into direct competition with the productions of more favoured regions; and in rearing domestic animals the states north of us have a decided advantage of cheap and extensive pasturage for all kinds. But, as the blood horse consumes no more of the fruits of the earth than the work horse, we should give him the preference for that reason, if no other existed. The country north of Ohio river excels in horned cattle, swine, and sheep; Kentucky in mules, &c.; and Tennessee and North Alabama may, and most probably will, soon be distinguished for the excellence and superiority of their horses. The character of the soil and climate, the nature of the productions, and the predilections of the inhabitants, all tend to this result. If we only consulted our own convenience, and bred only for our own use, (and certainly we ought not to be dependent upon other states for any kind of domestic animals, bread stuffs, provisions, &c.) we should, in the end, be the gainers by breeding the blood horse. The whole country is eminently prosperous; improvements of every description, for the comfort and accommodation of man, are in a rapid state of progression, and the demand for a better breed of horses is every day increasing in all directions, but especially at the south. All that extensive region, so productive of cotton, sugar, and rice, must be supplied with high-bred horses, for the carriage and saddle. To the wealthy price is no consideration, provided they can obtain the best; and the demand is commensurate with increasing wealth, both in town and country. They will not readily turn aside from their pursuits, and give their attention to breeding any kind of domestic animals. They are not prepared to do it; their habits and productions are not adapted to such a change, even if it were for their interest to make it; but they will continue to draw their supplies, as they now do, from abroad; and we are clearly of opinion, that it will be the fault of North Alabama, if, as heretofore, they should continue to be supplied by a more distant country, with an improved breed of blood horses. Our locality and similarity of climate, &c. would alone give us the preference of a more northern country; and no one will doubt, that all we can breed will find a ready sale, at high prices, at the south, even to the extent of some millions annually. And what is to prevent our enjoying this market—yea, rich and extensive as it is—all but monopolizing it? And what greater incentive can be presented to our farmers, than the certainty of ready sales and high prices for the products of his industry? The immense consumption and high price of butcher's meat and milk, in the city of London, (amounting annually to near fifty millions of dollars,) have stimulated and encouraged the improve-

ment of the breed of horned cattle to an incredible extent. A three year old heifer, bred for and adapted to the shambles, is often found, without extraordinary feed, to nett four hundred pounds per quarter; whilst one of the milch breed of the same age, will yield six to eight gallons of good rich milk daily. Such are the actual results of a systematic course of improvement, continued from generation to generation, stimulated by a steady and increased demand for meat and milk. Similar improvements in the vegetable kingdom of other domestic animals are constantly progressing in England, keeping pace with the demand. But it is in their breed of horses that they excel all other nations. For instance, their sportsmen, in following the chase, frequently ride over the rough country, at full speed, some thirty to fifty miles without stopping, except a momentary check, and repeat this arduous performance some two or three times a week during the season. Again, their post coaches travel an average of nearly ten miles per hour, including all stoppages, on long routes of two to three hundred miles, at all seasons of the year. And again, the best of their racing stock are all able to take a hundred and nineteen pounds, at four years old, and go two miles in three minutes and thirty-five seconds; and it is the opinion of their most experienced and practical turfites, that if the celebrated Flying Childers and Eclipse, (whose wonderful performances have by many been considered as fabulous,) were now in their prime, there are many horses of the present day, that can give them ten pounds and beat them any distance in a canter. And let us add, that there is no good reason to prevent our rivalling honest John Bull in our breed of horses. We have identical original stock; we can, if we choose, have the full benefit of all the breeding; and we have a decided advantage in climate and in cheapness of those productions which are necessary for the blood horse. Horses may be raised in North Alabama to a great extent, without materially interfering with the culture of cotton, except in the small amount of capital abstracted for the purchase of blood horses, at the commencement; and, in process of time, when planting becomes less profitable than at present, this description of stock may be made to sustain the prosperity of the country, and to keep up permanently the value of real estate in this valley.

With these desultory remarks we take leave of the subject for the present, in the sincere hope that they may have gained friends for that noble and invaluable animal the blood horse; and excited in the minds of our farmers a desire to increase and multiply their stock, to improve and ameliorate their condition, and awaken public attention to the necessity of reviving the sports of the turf. The consummation of these things will bring joy and gladness, instead of lamentations, to the big heart of

WILD WILL OF THE WOODS.



## LIST OF RACE COURSES AND JOCKEY CLUBS.

The following list of new Courses and Jockey Clubs is collected from the newspapers and the recollections of the writer. Where the time of meeting is permanently fixed it is given; but, in many instances this is omitted, as the meetings are often changed, in courtesy to other clubs, so as to suit the convenience of their own members.

In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, the list is defective, because we have no regular returns either of their formation or their meetings; and we now repeat the solicitation for both. It is not pretended the list is complete for the other states; but if secretaries will, this fall and winter, furnish us a correct report of their races, and annex to it a memorandum of their purses and regular time of meeting, it will enable us, at some future day, to offer to our readers a correct list of the courses, and an authentic estimate of the purses given in our country, for the promotion of sport, and the encouragement of breeders—for to them, at last, goes the real profit.

Chillicothe, . . . .	Ohio, . . .	Four days racing.	
Jackson, . . . .	Illinois, . .	Three days.	
Louisville, . . . .	Kentucky,	Spring and Fall, two meetings.	
Lexington, . . . .	do. . . .	do.	do.
Richmond, . . . .	do. . . .	do.	do.
Crab Orchard, . . .	do. . . .	do.	
Falls of Elkhorn, . .	do. . . .	do.	
Dover, . . . .	do. . . .	do.	
Hartsville, . . . .	Tennessee	do.	
Nashville, . . . .	do. . . .	do.	usually two do.
Hurricane Hill, . . .	do. . . .	do.	
Mount Pleasant, . . .	do. . . .	do.	
Huntsville, . . . .	Alabama, .	do.	
Florence, . . . .	do. . . .	do.	
Tuscaloosa, . . . .	do.	do.	
Montgomery, . . . .	do.	do.	
Mobile, . . . .	do.	do.	
Greensboro, . . . .	do.	do.	
Natchez, . . . .	Mississippi,	<i>all winter.*</i>	
St. Francisville, . . .	do. . . .	Spring and Fall.	
Rapide, . . . .	Louisiana, .	do.	
Augusta, . . . .	Georgia, .	Two meetings.	

\* Here they have two meetings and numerous matches.

Milledgeville, . . .	Georgia.	
Macon, . . . . .	do.	
Savannah, . . . .	do.	
Columbus, . . . . .	do.	
Charleston, . . . .	S. Carolina,	February, annually.
Columbia, . . . . .	do. . . .	January, do.
Newbury, . . . . .	do.	
Camden, . . . . .	do.	
Oxford, . . . . .	N. Carolina.	
Newhope, . . . . .	do.	
Warrenton, . . . . .	do.	
Scotland Neck, . . .	do.	
Newmarket, Petersbg.	Virginia,	October and May.
Bowling Green, (Wyth)	do.	
Bedford, . . . . .	do.	
Lynchburgh, . . . .	do. . . .	Spring and Fall.
Danville, . . . . .	do.	
Piney Grove, . . . .	do.	
Halifax, C. H. . . .	do.	
Culpepper, C. H. . . .	do.	
Charlestown, (Jefferson)	do.	
Belfield, . . . . .	do. . . .	April and September.
Norfolk, . . . . .	do. . . .	Spring and Fall.
Tree Hill, . . . . .	do. . . .	do.
Broadrock, . . . . .	do. . . .	do.
Tappahanock, . . . .	do.	
Taylorsville, . . . .	do.	
Christianville, . . . .	do.	
Lawrenceville, . . . .	do.	
Fairfield, . . . . .	do. . . .	Spring and Fall.
National, (Washington)	Maryland, .	do.
Central Course, . . .	do. . . .	do.
Kendal, . . . . .	do. . . .	do.
Upper Marlborough,	do. . . .	Fall.
Frederick, . . . . .	do. . . .	do.
Trenton Eagle Course, New Jersey, Two meetings.		
—— Davis Course, do. . . . Fall.		
Camden New Course.—This is expected to go into operation this fall.		
Union Course, Long Island, New York.—Four meetings: two Spring and two Fall.		
Columbus, Mississippi.		

Gallatin, Tennessee, omitted, and, no doubt, many others; but here is a list of sixty-three courses, to be run on this fall. Many of them have semi-annual meetings, and some of them two meetings in the same season. At the Union Course we have four meetings in the year; and at Natchez the meetings may be said to continue, with short adjournments, during the whole winter.

On these sixty-three courses the purses offered may be safely set down at fifty thousand dollars, besides as much more in colt stakes. Here, then, is a premium of one hundred thousand dollars given annually to the encouragement of *agriculture*. Yes, all goes to the farmer. He breeds the horses, feeds them and their attendants, to him ultimately all the profits go; others only share the amusements. Then let all our liberal and enlightened agriculturists, graziers, and breeders of stock, subscribe, and encourage all our jockey clubs and colt stakes; and, at the same time, for the purpose of keeping up the information on these subjects, subscribe to and sustain all our best sporting periodicals.—EDITOR.

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By reference to a list of sales, another important item may be added, which our friends should place to the credit of the turf, and which our farmers should consider among the surplus annually divided among them; and those who do not make arrangements to claim their share have no one but themselves to blame. We have done all we could to induce them to do so.—EDITOR.

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Mr. P. of G. is informed, that Wild Medley was a thorough-bred horse, and one of the best stallions of his day. He will find him noticed in Register; and what information can be obtained shall be published. A thorough-bred racer from him is equal to any in the United States.—At least so thinks the—EDITOR.

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AMERICAN ECLIPSE.—‘An Occasional Contributor’ should have said, that, *with the exception of his heat with Henry, the winner of it*, (a clause by accident omitted in the communication to the last (the twelfth) number of the Turf Register,) ‘Eclipse never ran a mile in public under 1m. 54s. nor two miles under 3m. 50s.’ In Henry’s famed heat the shortest time given was 7m. 37½s. Had the time been 7m. 38s. each of the two miles would have *averaged* 3m. 49s.; and *had* the fourth mile been run in 1m. 52s. (within one second of Post Boy’s *eighth* mile,) as has been stated, but *not officially*, the three preceding miles would have been run in 5m. 45½s. within a half second of Mingo and Post Boy’s heat. If Post Boy had been in condition upon that occasion, who can doubt he could have run his fourth mile in 1m. 52s.? AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

### LIFE IN THE JUNGLE—PANTHER SHOOTING.

The sun was blazing over a barren plain on the table land of the Deccan. It was the burning month of March. No speck of green relieved the wearied eye, the black soil cracked into gaping fissures looked like a parched wilderness deserted by every living thing, and the crumbling rocks resembled lava scarce cooled since it swept from the volcano's crater. No beast on the earth but the timid antelope, no bird in the air but the vulture and the kite, braving the scorching sun from its copper sky.

A solitary horseman was cantering along the dusty road which led to the distant Ghauts, rearing their bold grey outline against the horizon. He was a slight, lean figure, like one whose frame had been wasted although hardened by exposure and fatigue. His thin legs, cased in leather breeches japanned by use, and jack-boots reaching to the middle of his thighs, clung as if glued to the saddle. Little of his bronzed features was visible from beneath the folds of a white turban wound round his hunting cap, and falling in a broad lappet under his chin to shelter his face from the burning rays. A sabre at his side, and a hog-spear in his right hand, with an old red coat, stained into every variety of tint of which red is capable, completed the attire of the Eastern sportsman, whose easy seat connected him with the fiery Arab which he rode as if both were carved from one block. A true son of the desert was that gallant grey. Every vein seemed bursting from his satin-like skin, flushed by exercise to a purple tint. His square, short head, full eye, fine muzzle, wide nostril and light airy neck, with a silky mane floating from its hard crest, showed marks of the highest blood; while the swelling muscles of his lengthy quarters, and clean limbs, all bone and sinew, were modelled to unite speed with strength. In a cloud of dust and smoke they passed on. Alike to the weather-beaten hog-hunter were sun and rain. He had borne the heat of Guzerat, the miasma of the jungle, and the deadly fevers of Kandiesh, as if his sun-dried body was impervious to disease which had cut off many of his early friends in the pride of youthful strength. A long residence in India had made it his home, his country. Like many others, who quit the land of their birth at an age which leaves behind it few recollections but those of a schoolboy's miseries, he had formed habits and acquaintances endeared by so many ties, that all his fondest ideas were connected with India, and Europe had become to him a foreign land. The duties of his office obliged him to spend much of his time alone, in the wildest part of a country remote from European society. This district adjoined that which was under the charge of the eccentric sportsman whom I have intro-



duced before under his soubriquet of Blowhard, and the horseman was now travelling to the tents of the old deer-stalker, whom similarity of pursuits had endeared to him by a friendship of many years.

Six tired horses were already left behind on his morning's route, and the eighth, which was to carry him his last stage, was then tossing his nose-bag\* as he finished the remainder of his grain by the road side. The clothing was pulled off by a half naked groom the moment his master appeared. Without a minute's delay a flea-bitten Arab replaced the foaming grey—and on again. As he approached a more cultivated country, antelopes became visible in such numbers that the plain appeared dotted with animated groups to the horizon, along which distant herds, dwindled into white specks, were cleaving the air like flying fish skimming the surface of a tropical sea. The graceful gazel, with its brilliant eye and airy step, tossed its little head and bounded with the speed of light across the heated stones, as the lean gaunt wolf followed on its trail. Bustards stalked among the waving grain, and rock grouse nestled in packs over the warm sand. Another mile brought our traveller to the banks of a river, which separated the plain from a low range of hills, covered to their summits by the evergreen bamboo.

Here were pitched the tents of his friend, under a magnificent banyan tree, spreading its giant arms over a grove of its own shoots, which drooped from their parent stem to take root beneath its shadow. This huge canopy sheltered the numerous attendants who form a European's retinue in India. One accustomed to eastern manners could have told, by a glance at his encampment, the nature of its owner's pursuits, without the proofs afforded by the spoils of various wild animals hanging to dry from the branches. The peons who were cooking their messes, were distinguished by belts of panther's skin instead of the more usual badge of red cloth. Each horsekeeper had a spear leaning against the tree to which his charge was fastened, and the stately elephant, who stood blowing clouds of dust over his back, had evidently carried a howdah in the field rather than baggage on the road. Within the tent were the same evidences of a sportsman's abode. His hookah rested on a tiger's skin, a double rifle lay on the table, and round the tent pole bristled a row of spears, some of which were still dim with blood. Blowhard, in the same dress which I have before described, was seated on a mat earnestly employed in nursing a young bear, whose mournful yells he attempted to stifle by pouring milk down its throat, while the little savage struggled to free itself from his grasp, when his expected guest cantered to the door and threw himself from his smoking horse.

\* Horses are fed in India from a leathern bag suspended from the head-stall.

'Now damn you for an ungrateful cub ; you may go and lick your paws, you squalling imp,' muttered old Blowhard as he dropped the shapeless little brute from his knees and rose to meet his friend, while his dark features glowed with satisfaction. \* \* \* \*

The country in which these scenes are laid was bounded by the western Ghauts. In the pathless thickets of their eternal forests, untrodden by the foot of man, were reared numerous beasts of prey, which strayed into the plains and replaced those which were daily falling under the rifles of British sportsmen. To exterminate them in such a country is impossible, for no sooner is the tiger which haunted a village destroyed than another takes its place. Blowhard's favourite attendant, Mohadeen, with old Burmah and a party of inferior shikarees, had been searching the neighbouring jungle, as usual, before the sun had risen, and by eight o'clock a sawar, who always accompanied them to bring in intelligence, was galloping up to the tents.

'There comes news from the jungle,' exclaimed Blowhard, who was loitering with his friend Rivers about the horses as the messenger arrived. 'What is it ?' he continued, addressing the sawar. 'A tiger, sahib, in the same nullah where your highness killed a deer yesterday.' 'I would bet my best rifle against a pistol, that it is only a panther,' observed the old sportsman to his companion ; 'I saw the fresh trail of one in the bed of the ravine the last time I was there, and I know that my people have been following it this morning. But a panther often shows more sport than a tiger.'

'Well, be it what it may,' replied Rivers, 'I am off to see that my tackle is all right.'

Blowhard immediately dispatched the elephant with a bundle of rockets in the howdah, and having ordered horses to be saddled, called for two double rifles, which he loaded with the greatest nicety. In a few minutes they were on their way to the ground, followed by some peons carrying their guns. 'Is that your weapon,' inquired the deer-stalker of Rivers, pointing to a pretty little gun in the hand of his friend's attendant. 'Yes, look at it.' Blowhard's expression was that of utter contempt when he returned the despised bauble, after one hasty glance, letting it drop from his hand as if it stunk. Let the reader try to fancy Purdey's face on being presented with a Birmingham gun to repair, 'price 3*l*. 10*s*. warranted ;' and he may conceive the look of him to whom a smooth bore was an abomination. 'At what range can you make sure of a buck with that pop-gun,' were the first words he uttered. 'At what range,' answered Rivers, somewhat mortified ; 'I do not pretend to take a deer between the eyes, or cut a bustard's head off at a hundred yards, as you do. A spear is my favourite weapon, and I can handle it better than a trigger ; but

what fault do you find with my gun? It is by Manton, and must be a good one.' 'It may be so, and very effective for dusting quails and ortolans,' muttered Blowhard; 'but oh! Rivers, how can you, whom I know to be a good sportsman, use a paltry smooth bore? I hate the very sight of one more than a buffalo hates a tiger. Leave such child's playthings to griffins and pot-hunters, who aspire to no higher game than peafowl. I cannot bear to see you own such a gimcrack. The grooved bore is the only barrel a sportsman's eye should squint over. True, it is not every man who can display its beauties; for to use it scientifically, requires long practice to get the range, and judge the distance; besides a correct eye, good nerve, and a fine finger. But turn your horse to the left a little—my rifle, Fakeera!—Now, you see that gazel feeding by the edge of the brush-wood. Do you think that any smooth barrel ever bored could throw a ball true enough to hit him?' 'I consider that quite out of shot,' replied Rivers. 'Then I warrant,' said Blowhard, 'that Smasher sends its lead very near the heart.' So saying, he hastily dismounted. The heavy rifle rose slowly till level with its mark. For one instant it rested motionless on a hand that seemed a limb of marble; at that instant the trigger yielded to the gradual pressure, and the sharp report was answered by that soft dead plash so welcome to a woodman's ears. Rivers galloped to the spot, and found the animal quite dead, hit through the shoulder. Blowhard calmly reloaded without a remark, and sending a peon to break the gazel, continued a lecture on the merits of grooved bores, which might be tiresome to the reader, till they reached their ground. A thickly wooded ravine, running across a range of low rocky hills, formed the cover in which the game lay. Shikarees were posted on trees along its banks, and a man standing on the summit of each rising ground watched for a break. Mohadeen, stripped to the skin, with the exception of a pair of short brown drawers, and armed with a huge two-handed sword, met the party, and walking before the elephant, led the way into the cover. His eye flashed with wild reckless courage, while his whole frame seemed agitated by the most violent excitement, as he danced along with strange wild gestures, brandishing his tremendous blade.

'Are you not afraid of that madman being killed,' said Rivers. 'Many an anxious moment he costs me,' answered Blowhard; 'but wild although he appears, he knows what he is about. It is of no use trying to keep him back, for if I ordered him to remain behind it would break the poor fellow's heart; and he would be poking his head into the panther's jaws to show his gallantry, when I could not watch him; whereas now I can keep him under my eye at least.' Little more was said, for they were approaching the place where the

carcass of a bullock, which had been fastened for a bait on the preceding night, lay weltering in the sun. The poor brute appeared to have sold his life dearly, from the traces of a deadly struggle which were still manifest. The ground, torn by claws, and ploughed up by hoofs, was spattered with blood, and the bullock's neck was not dislocated by one violent wrench, but bore the marks of repeated gripes. 'That is evidently not a tiger's work,' observed Blowhard; 'but it is a large panther, to judge by his track.' Here the trail was taken up. The broad foot prints, deeply impressed in the sand, led into a clump of tangled thorns on the bank of the ravine. 'That is the tiger's house,' shouted Mohadeen, flourishing his sword. 'Then back, as you value your life, and don't leave the elephant's crupper till I tell you,' said Blowhard, in a tone which enforced obedience. 'Now, Rivers, we shall stir him up; be quick, but steady. I shall leave you the first shot. You, Mahout, drive Tippoo up the bank.' The noble animal forced himself between the interwoven branches, and stood trumpeting before a clump of withered thorns. A low growl was heard, and the Mussulman who was posted on the elephant's rump whispered, 'I can see him.' Blowhard touched his friend on the shoulder, and pointed in silence to the crouching panther, whose colour so closely resembled the faded leaves which partly concealed him, that Rivers strained his eyes in vain for some seconds. At last a rustle betrayed the brute's position, and the gun was raised; but at the critical moment he started with a loud roar, and dashed through the bushes with a rapidity which quite disconcerted Rivers's aim. 'Your ball fell short,' calmly observed Blowhard; 'you should fire well forward at a running object. Now watch that opening between the two tamarind trees; he is sure to pass them, and I shall try if smasher cannot stop his running. Mahout, keep Tippoo steady.' The panther did pass the opening at full speed, the rifle was rapidly pitched at him rather than levelled, and an angry snarl answered the report. 'That will do,' exclaimed the delighted deer-stalker. 'The rascal will fight now that his skin is ruffled.' Before they had reloaded, the yells of a shikaree proclaimed that the game had broken cover, and the elephant was driven at his utmost pace towards him. On reaching the spot, the panther was in sight but out of shot, galloping across the plain towards the hill. Herds of cattle, feeding near the jungle, fled before him lowing with fear, and troops of monkeys chattered and howled from the mangoe trees, as he passed by. Every living creature seemed to dread him; even crows and parrots showed their agitation by loud cries. 'I know where he is making for,' shouted Blowhard. 'We must go best pace to keep him in sight. Hold on behind. Now, Rivers, sit tight as if you were on Clasher's



back ; and you, Mahout, show us how fast Tippoo can go.' The huge brute, after a few words of encouragement from his driver, accompanied by some blows on the head that would have fractured a human skull, struck out into a shuffling trot that nearly jolted his riders from their seats. When they had gained the rising ground, over which the panther had disappeared, Mohadeen picked out the trail, marked occasionally by drops of blood ; and on gaining the next ascent the panther was viewed. He was evidently distressed, trotting slowly down hill, open mouthed, and panting. At this moment, when he was about three hundred yards distant, one of the beaters was observed standing in the panther's path.

Blowhard waved and shouted to him, but all in vain. The infatuated fool drew his sword, waving it in defiance ; his dreadful situation was plainly seen, yet nothing could be done to save him, for the violent motion of the elephant rendered all chance of hitting out of the question, and before he could have been stopped all would have been over. Tippoo was pushed to his utmost pace, the Mahout driving his goad to the head in the poor brute's bleeding ears, who screamed with pain at every blow. They had nearly reached the bottom of the descent, the elephant thundering down with fearful impetus, when the panther caught sight of the devoted wretch standing, like a scare-crow, brandishing his sword and shield. He might still have escaped, for he had a long start, and the panther was blown, but he appeared stupified with fear. The enraged animal made straight towards him with terrific bounds ; and then rose a roar of fury and a scream of terror. The panther was upon him as if hurled from some projectile engine, and he was dashed to the ground amidst a cloud of dust, through which could be traced the agitated body of the spotted monster and the man struggling in his jaws. It was over in a few seconds. The mangled carcass was writhing in agony, and the panther trotting sulkily to the nearest bush when the sportsmen came up. Their first care was to remove the poor beater, who was still alive ; but it would have been mercy to have ended his misery by blowing out his brains. He tried to raise his head, and actually salaamed with his trembling lacerated hands. But such a head ! even the stern old woodsman shuddered as he looked on the throbbing remnants of what was once a human face. The cheek bones and lower jaw smashed to atoms, were hanging by the muscles of his throat upon his chest. Nothing of the visage remained below the eyes, which rolled about with a hideous expression of intense suffering ; all the rest was a shattered mass dripping with clots of blood. 'God forbid that I should ever see such another sight,' uttered Blowhard, with deep feeling. 'It was his fate,' quietly observed the Mussulman,

as he laid him under the shade of a large tree, where death soon ended his misery.

'Now let us mount again, Rivers, and finish this brute,' said Blowhard, beckoning to the Mahout to make his elephant kneel. 'I have seen death in many shapes, and watched a brave man die without a tear, yet this unmans me quite. Mohadeen, to a tree at once! there has been blood enough spilt to-day; and you, Mahout, bring him up steadily.' Tippoo advanced boldly to the bush where the panther was lying. A crash through the branches, and a stifled roar warned them of the expected charge; the unerring rifle hurled its fatal contents, and the panther, shot through the brain, dropped at the instant his grinning head appeared. 'Would to heaven I had fired that shot when I first saw those treacherous green eyes in cover, it would have saved a life,' muttered the old deer-stalker to himself. 'But what is ordained must be. I intended to have shown you a bear,' he continued, addressing Rivers, 'but I have not the heart to do any thing more to-day.'

'Nor I,' replied his friend. 'Here comes Mohadeen, screeching his death holloa, which will soon bring up the people. So let us have one look at the panther, and then gallop back to the tents.'

London New Sporting Magazine.

DECCAN.

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#### SULTAN THE STALLION, AND CRAVEN 'THE PROPHET.'

The result of the Derby, 1835, proved that Craven was no prophet—the result of the Derby, in 1836, has proved also (not that any evidence was required on this head) that he is 'no conjurer.' It is scarcely necessary, perhaps, to say so much, for the few passengers who now venture to travel with the Old Heavy, have long ceased to put their trust in a coachman so manifestly unfit to handle the ribbons, nor should I have troubled you or myself on the subject but to defend one of the best stallions of the day from an attack in the last number of the Old Sporting Magazine. He asserts, confidently, that send what mares you will to Sultan, he never has got or can get horses to run on! Now, to expose the utter incapacity of this frothy scribe, I will state a few facts:—The first of Sultan's get that appeared were Green Mantle and Varna—they ran first and second for the Oaks, beating a large field, including three Tramp fillies. Varna won the Drawing-room stakes (two miles and a half), and the Oatlands (two miles); Green Mantle the Port, (two miles); Augusta the Newmarket St. Leger, (two miles); Mahmoud a Cup and a King's Plate; Schumla two or three Plates and a Cup; Beiram the Drawing-room Stakes, besides running a good second to Priam for the Cup at the

same meeting; Galata won the Oaks, Port Stakes, and Ascot Cup; Sir Robert the Warwick St. Leger; and Marmora ran Oxygen to a head for the Oaks! Perhaps this may not satisfy the gentleman. Then what will he say to Glencoe, who made all the running for the Derby and came in a good third—who won the Goodwood Cup at 3 years old, the Garden Stakes, and the Ascot Cup. To crown all, how will he get over the Derby and Oaks of 1836? the first won, in a hand-canter, by Bay Middleton, and the winner of the other ran to half a length of Destiny! Truly, Craven has ‘presumed beyond his last.’

Yours,

ANTI-HUMBUG.

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### TURFIANA.

‘The Cross and the Jostle, the Do and the Draw.’

Twelve months ago Plenipo—‘the great Plenipo’ made his *exit* from the turf; and, if we mistake not, carried with him the curses of those who unluckily backed him for the Ascot cup, p. p. and afterwards found it was *no go*. The feelings of the owner on the occasion, we are inclined to believe, were more of disappointment than gratification, whatever may have been the feelings of *Jack the Grunter*, *John of the Heavies*, and the other *payneful worthies*. The case was such as we then thought not likely to occur again. The horse, from his being one of the best of his year, (1834,) and running well at Newmarket in the spring of 1835, was naturally a great favourite for the Ascot Cup, and was backed freely to win p. p. at very short odds. But, lo and behold! on the Wednesday before the race, just as the first race of that day was being run, the horse was said to be amiss, and declared not to start. As was to be expected, the consequences were deep and smothered murmurings from many—loud and open vituperations from others—many abusers, and few defenders, of the parties concerned—all inquiring, what is the matter with the horse? is he lame? does he cough? why don’t they exhibit him to their backers? But all the satisfaction was, the owner was fearful, from the hard state of the course, his horse might break down! Whilst many shrewdly suspected *Glencoe’s* fine condition had frightened both horse and owner out of their wits.

Such was the *finale* of Plenipo upon the turf; an event we little expected to see so soon re-enacted as we have just seen in the case of *SHEET ANCHOR*; and if rumour is to be trusted, with still more startling and aggravating circumstances—the good running of Sheet Anchor last year, and his winning the Portland handicap at Newmarket this spring, made him a great favourite for the Ascot Cup; and the public, thinking him in hands they could trust, did not hesitate to

back him freely p. p. It is said, however, though we confess ourselves credulous of the fact, that the parties concerned in the horse were resolved to play a safe and winning game with him. We are told they backed Bay Middleton to win the Derby for a great stake against Sheet Anchor the Ascot Cup. In other words, they bet against their own horse; for, as soon as Bay Middleton had done the trick at Epsom, all they had to do to secure the *sway* they stood about him, was to stop their own horse, Sheet Anchor, from running for the Ascot Cup. This was such a palpable trick, that we are loath to believe it possible the parties interested in Sheet Anchor could be guilty of it; or that they could find flats blind enough to gulp the bait. But their grasping avarice is said not to have stopped even there. On the contrary, it is more than hinted that Peter Corcoran, Dizzibrow, Leech, and Company, laid indirectly against the horse, by planting third parties upon the betting men; and, in the same way, backed the other favourites for the race, at much longer odds than they could have got on it, had Sheet Anchor been declared to be out of the market.

As we stated last week, we were not aware of all these particulars of 'the affair' when we furnished the disciples of *Oude* and *Esculapius*, who had the management of the 'thing,' with the shoes that are said to have pinched their corns so sorely; but if we had, and could have given them full credit, perhaps we should have furnished them with a still tighter fit than we did. We have no wish, however, to put the saddle on the wrong horse—our object is the good of the Turf, which we wish to see resume its place as the first of British sports, purified from the pestilential vapours that have so nearly smothered it; and we shall therefore pause to know whether the *on dits* which we have heard are or are not well founded. Our columns are opened to the 'sallow-faced Leech' and his coadjutors, who have the credit of cooking the dish, if they are prepared to contradict, without reserve or quibble, the grounds on which the charge of a 'Do' is rested. Let them declare they never laid against their own horse, directly or indirectly, either by backing Bay Middleton to win the Derby, against his winning the Ascot Cup, or by laying against him when he was first favourite for the cup, and backing the other favourites. And further, let them satisfy the public why the horse did not win—if he was lame, if he coughed, and if they exhibited him to any neutral parties before the race, for the satisfaction of his backers. Let them do this—and our incredulity will be confirmed. But, on the other hand, let them remember, we shall hold their silence as conclusive of the truth of the reports of the day—and *then* they may expect to hear from us again.

London Age.



## THE HORSE 'PARTINGTON' AGAIN.

The case of 'Brogden v. Marriott,' was again brought before the Court of Common Pleas on Wednesday. The case has been several times before the public. The contract between the parties, it will be recollected, was, that if the horse trotted eighteen miles within an hour, at a given time, the plaintiff was to give two hundred pounds for him; but if he failed to perform the feat, the plaintiff was to have him for a shilling. The trial having taken place, the horse broke from his trot at the eleventh mile stone, and was consequently obliged to return some distance to resume his proper pace, and owing to the time thus lost, he failed to accomplish the distance within the specified time by five minutes. He was then claimed by the plaintiff as his property on paying a shilling for him. The defendant objected, on the ground that the person appointed to sit as judge had not been present the whole distance, but merely remained 'stationary at the twentieth mile stone to see the horse come in'; and consequently, the trial had not taken place in his presence, as agreed upon. One of the pleas was demurred to, and the demurrer disposed of some time ago. Upon the other issues the case went down for trial at the last York assizes, when the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £180. A rule having been obtained, calling on the plaintiff to shew cause why a nonsuit should not be entered, or the judgment arrested, Mr. Alexander and Mr. Milner now shewed cause. The alleged ground of nonsuit, namely, that there was no sufficient proof that the trial had taken place in the presence of the person named as judge, could not, they contended, be maintained, because it was not necessary that he should accompany the horse the whole distance, that having been done by two other persons, but that he should be present at the twentieth mile stone, to see whether or not the horse came in within the time limited. In that manner the trial had taken place in his presence, within the fair meaning of the contract, and therefore that issue was proved. Then, as to the ground for arresting the judgment—namely, that this contract was in effect an illegal wager, laid upon the result of a trotting-match,—they argued that it was not necessarily any such a thing. It might have been a fair question to have left to the jury, whether or not this was a *bona fide* contract, or a colourable wager; but on the face of the record it did not necessarily amount to a wager. Suppose a person in the coal-mines district ordered an engine of twenty horse power, which, owing to the competition in the trade, he wanted for a specific purpose, and he agreed to give a certain high price for it; and suppose one of

eighteen horse power were sent home to him, which, as not being adapted to the purpose for which he wanted it, was utterly valueless to him, could it be said that, in such a case, if the contract embraced the alternative of paying only five pounds, or one shilling for the engine, if it were not the required power, it amounted to a wager? And so, if a distiller agreed to furnish spirits for chymical purposes, of a given strength, on similar terms? If, then, it did not necessarily follow that in every supposed case such a contract was a wager, then, as this objection arose on the record, the rules for arresting the judgment could not be sustained. Mr. Bayley, in support of the rule, argued that the trial had not taken place in the presence of the party named as judge within the meaning of the terms of the issue; and, secondly, that the contract was in effect, that the plaintiff should pay to the defendant either two hundred pounds or one shilling, according to the result of a trotting-match against time, which was clearly an illegal wager, within the meaning of the statutes on this subject. The Court, with the exception of Mr. Justice Gaselee, (who thought that whether this was a wager or a *bona fide* contract was a question which ought to have gone to the jury,) were of opinion, that the contract, as set out on the record, amounted to an illegal wager, and therefore ordered the rule for arresting the judgment to be made absolute.

[Bell's Life in London.]

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#### WILD MEDLEY AGAIN.

Many things have been said of this horse by your correspondents, and all appear to *clash*, both as to his age, pedigree, and particularly his *identity*. *They seem to have known him well*. If my communication be worth any thing, you may give it a place in your valuable Register.

Wild Medley was bred by a gentleman in Sussex or Surrey county, Virginia, whose name is not recollected, and was sold to Elias and James Fort, near Enfield, North Carolina, about the year 1805 or 6, at which place he stood, under the superintendence of the latter, and got the Methodist Filly, bred by Mr. Bachelor, owned by Bynum, Pride, and A. J. Davie. See vol. vi. page 406. He got many fine colts in that county: among them was a gray mare, the dam of Dr. Brownrigg's Shawanee mare, who has produced some fine stock. This mare was raised by Daniel Barksdale, near Enfield. Shortly after this Medley was sold to Mr. Henry Pittman, now deceased, in whose possession Wild Medley remained till the day of his death, and died in Halifax county, North Carolina, on the plantation of Robert John Pittman, who, no doubt, knows more of his pedigree than any body

else. This 'Wild Medley' has been dead, to my knowledge, near twenty years, and never was in York district, South Carolina.

Your correspondent relates an anecdote by stating,—Wild Medley was taken to the upper part of North Carolina, by a knowing one, from the Old Dominion, who, in order to pass him off as twelve or fifteen years younger than his true age, called him a grandson of old Medley, and for such he passed, &c. To do justice to Messrs. Elias and James Fort, (the latter is still living in Florida,) I shall take the liberty to remark, that these two young gentlemen, in point of honesty, correct dealing, and whose families were *of the very best*, stood pre-eminently above all suspicion; there was *never fraud* found in their hands. It is true, they were a pair of wild brothers. Their father sent them to Virginia with a drove of hogs. They sold them, and took Wild Medley, then four years old, at four hundred and fifty dollars, in part payment, and spent the balance before they got home. This fact I had from James Fort himself. All he recollects about his pedigree is, that Wild Medley was by Quicksilver, by Old Medley, his dam by Wildair; that his full pedigree was published in some newspaper then printed in Halifax. He derived his name in part from his dam, (Wildair.) It is the opinion of Mr. Fort, that his horse, Wild Medley, was the sire of the Wild Medley spoken of by your York District correspondent, 'W.' Most respectfully, Z. A.

[The Editor knew both horses well, and is glad to have this account of Fort's Wild Medley from an authentic source. The Wild Medley in York was G— Mendoza, bred by Mr. Washington. There was also another Wild Medley, a chestnut, and one owned by James J. Harrison. They each trace to Medley jr. but were different horses. I hope there may be, in future, less confusion from horses bearing the same name; it is a custom deprecated from the first establishment of this work.—

[ED.]

#### JOCKEY CLUB AT THE BIG LICK, BOTTETOURT. Co. Va.

S. G. ADAMS, *Proprietor*.

GEO. P. TAYLOE, *President*.

— PECK, *Secretary*.

The races will commence the second Tuesday in September, and continue four days, and good purses offered for a new course. Messrs. Oliver and Harvey, have each stables of from twelve to fifteen horses in training at the Big Lick, and consequently fine sport is expected. Two or three more stables will collect there next month. With our Star, Eclipse, Charles, Gohanna, Tonson, Clifford, Autocrat, Fylde, and other colts, we hope to make a respectable figure on the Turf in a few years.

In haste, yours respectfully,

GEO. P. TAYLOE.

The name of Afong Moy is claimed for a grey filly by Yemen, (Arabian,) out of Cherokee, by Virginian, the filly is now a yearling.

If this name is fancied by any one, they are hereby notified, it will only be given up to a better filly, and this *amounts to a denial*. B.

## THE START AT EPSOM.

That there was much discontent created by the Start at Epsom for the Derby 'nobody can deny.' Allow me, therefore, through the medium of your pages, to offer a few remarks, in the hope to remedy the evil so justly complained of.—I have, I may say for years, witnessed with disgust the wretched system of starting the horses at this great Metropolitan meeting, which ought to set an example worthy of imitation throughout the provinces. Instead of 'order' in their arrangements, 'disorder' seems to rule the roast; and every thing that is calculated to destroy the chance of a warm-tempered horse winning, seems the prevailing custom—'more honoured in the breach than in the observance.' Noise and confusion, with a tolerable sprinkling of the vulgar tongue, usurp the place of quietness and decorum. I contend that every horse should have an equal chance; and in some measure to insure this obvious desideratum in a race, that every thing likely to create disturbance or irritation should be avoided. I would therefore, in the first place have the course entirely cleared as soon as the bell rings for saddling; whereas at present it only seems a signal for the multitude to throng to the very spot that should be prohibited ground except for the immediate actors in the scene. The hundred pounds paid for the police should insure the necessary precaution. Look at Doncaster—how widely different!—I am certain that generally speaking, there are hundreds, nay I think I should not be far wrong were I to say thousands, on the starting ground at Epsom after the horses are mounted; and on the course, the jockies, when taking their canter prior to the race, being obliged to shout with all their might for the people to get out of their way, naturally greatly excites irritable horses; and, by losing their temper, destroys their chance for the race, heating themselves before they can be got off. With respect to the start this year, I am of opinion that the mistake laid more with the uncertainty of the jockies as to whether it was or was not a start, than with the start itself. There cannot exist a doubt of its being difficult to get as many as a score of young horses together in such form that every one shall get equally well off; but if it can be done at Doncaster, it certainly can be done at Epsom: and what is more, without a word being spoken except the word 'off.' I would suggest that there be about a dozen small white wands, or posts, so slight that should a horse happen to run against any one of them, it should give way: let these be placed down the centre of the course from the starting post as far as may be considered requisite: when all are ready, let some appointed person go down with them on the near side, and see that they all turn round the farthest post: let them keep well together until opposite the starter; and if he (the starter) is of opinion they are all sufficiently together, let them go; if he thinks otherwise, go down again, and round the posts as before. I should by all means have the flags, as they form an excellent signal as to whether it is a start or no, as well as doing away with the abominable practice, as now made use of, of a hundred persons calling 'go,' and as many calling them back; by which many jockies who are ordered to make running, frequently get to the top of the hill before they know what to do. Should any of your readers suggest a better plan as an amendment to this, I hope they will immediately forward it to you, that it may have publicity in the proper quarter; but that something must be done there cannot be a question.

London Sporting Magazine.

EQUISO.

## RECENT TROTTING MATCHES.

One would suppose that the excessive heat of the weather would put an end, for the present, to trials of bits of blood on the trotting course; but that such is not the fact, will be proved by the annexed report of several capital trotting matches within the last few weeks.

Many of our country readers may not be aware, that a fondness for fast cattle is a passion among our whips, and that we have some odd hundred roadsters, belonging to private gentlemen, who can trot their mile in harness under three minutes—that we have sixty who can perform that distance in 2m. 40s. and more than one that can do it under 2m. 30s! *Edwin Forrest*, now owned in Philadelphia, has been matched against time to trot his mile under the saddle in 2m. 28s, and it is currently believed, that on the day he received forfeit from *Confidence* last fall, he



trotted a mile half a second within that time, over the Hunting Park Course—a feat unparalleled in the annals of the Turf. Every pleasant afternoon the Third Avenue, (a superb Macadamized road, extending from Broadway to Harlaem,) is covered with crack nags and amateurs in horse flesh, and dozens of private matches are the consequence. As these are of a personal character, made up between friends, and as the horses themselves are generally as well known on the road as their owners are in society, we have not felt ourselves at liberty to chronicle their results, nor to allude to them, save in general terms, though they frequently excite a great sensation in sporting circles.

**HARLAEM TROTTING COURSE, July 28.** Purse \$50, two mile heats in harness; 146 lbs. whether in harness or under the saddle.

Mr. Bertine's <i>James Tyler</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3 1 1
Mr. Cotte's <i>Papa</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1 2 2
Mr. Woodruff's <i>Maria Monk</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2 dis.
Mr. Goodrich's <i>Rienzi</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	dis.

Time, 5m. 55s.—6m. 10s.—6m. 4s.

The above trot was a queer affair altogether, *each horse being distanced*, by the rules of the Course. In the 1st heat, Rienzi, who came in first, was declared distanced for foul riding, and the heat given to the 2d horse, Papa. In the 2d heat Maria Monk bolted and was distanced; in the same heat, Tyler ran foul of Papa, and, by the rules, was distanced, though when he and Papa were locked, the latter's rider got out and cleared the carriages, and was also distanced by the rules of the course, for having alighted before coming to the stand!

It seems that on the first mile of the 2d heat, just before Papa and Tyler got foul, (which brought them to a stand still,) Maria passed, and got more than a double distance a-head. In coming in, she bolted, and as Woodruff saw no one behind him, what does he do but let Maria loose and get upon the fence overlooking the field, to see what the deuce had become of Tyler and Papa! They having cleared themselves, soon got in action, and maintained their stride at a slashing pace up to the winning post, thereby giving the 'fence viewer' no chance to regain his accidental advantage. The trot afforded capital fun, and the losers made a deal the most money if the winners 'stood' the champagne that flowed at the finish.

**CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, July 30.** Purse \$50, two mile heats, under the saddle. Weights 146 lbs. as at Harlaem.

Mr. Bertine's <i>Lazarus</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3 1 1
Mr. Goodrich's <i>Rienzi</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1 2 2
Mr. Whelpley's <i>Maria Monk</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2 3 3

Time, 5m. 45s.—5m. 46s.—5m. 46s. Rienzi the favorite.

Between the heats of the trot for the purse, came off a match for \$—, two mile heats, under the saddle, which resulted as to wit:—

Mr. Carman's <i>Modesty</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1 1
Mr. Valentine's <i>Beppo</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2 2

Time, 5m. 42s.—5m. 39s. Won with something to spare, though Modesty gave Beppo fifty yards in the start in each heat. Beppo was held hard in hand until lapped, when, after going about a distance, he unaccountably tired, and the mare went modestly ahead, by herself. So confident were the backers of Beppo, that after he was lapped, and of course had lost his advantage in the start, lots of 'the pewter' were thrown away upon him.

**Same Course, July.** Purse \$50, two mile heats, under the saddle.

Mr. Walter's <i>Rolla</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1 1
Mr. Bridget's <i>Maria Monk</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3 2
Mr. Van Wart's <i>Job Fox</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2 3

Time, 5m. 37s.—5m. 38s. Job Fox the favorite 20 to 15.

It may be remarked that different persons seem to have owned or entered the same horse in these reports. It is not to be denied, and besides, it is a great improvement upon last year, when a horse changed his name about every match he trotted, whether he changed owners or not. Owners of trotting nags are privileged to alter the names of their crack goers as ladies are to change their minds:—whenever they — please.

[New York Spirit of the Times,

## RACING CALENDAR.

## TRENTON (N. J.) RACES.

[We have taken our account of the Trenton Races from the United States Sporting Magazine. It is drawn up by Mr. C. R. Colden himself. It is a subject to which no man can do more justice; and, as to facts and inferences, no one is more correct, and it is with pleasure that we avail ourselves of whatever he writes on this subject.]

This remark is made, because we have adopted Mr. Colden's account of a most interesting race, in preference to others, that reached us through the medium of the newspapers.]

We went to Trenton on Thursday, the 9th of June inst. solely to witness the contest on the following day, between Post Boy and Mingo, consequently were not present at the Wednesday and Thursday races, which came off as follows:—

*Wednesday, June 8th.*—Purse of \$200, for 3 yrs old, 90lb.; four, 104lb.; five, 114; six, 121; aged, 126; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two mile heats.

R. L. Stevens' ch. h. Tom Moore, by Eclipse, out of Lallah Rookh, by Ogle's Oscar, 5 yrs old				1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's br. m. Camsidel, by Industry, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs old				3	2
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. f. Emilia, by Lance, out of Young Nettle-top, by Marshal Duroc, 4 yrs old				2	3
J. H. Holmes' br. h. Stranger, by imp. Valentine, dam by Defiance, 6 yrs old				4	4
Mr. — h. Sir Harry, by Eclipse				5	5
Time, 1m. 50½s.—1m. 51s.					

*Thursday, 9th.*—Purse \$300, for all ages, weights the same as yesterday.—Three mile heats.

J. H. Koster's ch. h. Ajax, by Barefoot, dam by Duroc, 5 yrs old				5	1	1
Sam. Laird's b. h. Henry Archy, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, aged				3	2	2
J. H. Van Mater's b. h. Monmouth, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, 6 yrs old				2	3	3
R. L. Stevens' b. h. Flatterer, (imp.) by Muley, out of Clare, by Marmion, 4 yrs old				1	4	4
Wm. Gibbons' b. h. Milo, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Meg Dodds				4	dist.	
Time, 2 m. 49s.—3 m. 48s.—3m. 51½s.						

*Friday, 10th.*—The Citizens' Purse of \$1,000,—the second horse to receive \$300 out of the Purse,—for all ages, weights as before noted.—Four mile heats.

Robt. Tillotson's ch. h. Post Boy, by Henry, dam by Duroc, 5 years old				1	1
Sam. Laird's (Gen. C. Irvine's) b. h. Mingo, by Eclipse, dam by Thornton's Rattler, 5 yrs old				2	2
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. h. Arbitrator, by Orange Boy, dam by imp.					
Jas. B. Kendall's br. m. Camsidel, by Industry, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs old				3	3
Expedition, 7 yrs old					4 dr.
Time, 8m. 7s.—7m. 59s.					

From the apparent fine condition of Mingo, at the Union Course, on the Saturday of the preceding week, when he won the purse of \$500, three mile heats, beating Cadmus, Sidney, Flatterer, and Jewess, in a canter, we were led to expect a severe and doubtful contest. About eleven o'clock, previous to leading out, we viewed Mingo at his stable, and were at once struck with the alteration in his appearance. We did not think, that with any ordinary care, a horse of good constitution could have exhibited such a change, in the short space of five or six days. He was incomprehensibly reduced,—shrunk to a comparative nothing; his skin set fast, with no elasticity or lift from the ribs, prodigiously drawn in in the waist, and tucked up in the flanks; he also looked dull and dejected. We at once pointed out to his spirited owner his evident loss of condition, and expressed our fears for the result.

Post Boy we did not see until stripped preparatory to the start, but we thought, as we then viewed him, he never looked better. Of the other two we took little notice.

*The Race.*—They all got off at the first attempt, Post Boy making the running, the other three well up. They went along at a moderate pace, and came hard in hand in something like 2m. 10s. Mingo in front. He led off for the second mile to the back part of the course, where Post Boy mended the pace a little, and went forward. They came round again in this position, the pace as yet slow. Post Boy continued to lead throughout the third mile, Mingo close up, under a hard pull, waiting for a rally. When opposite the stand, Mingo went up head and girth, made play, Post Boy met him, and away they went, head and head, like twin bullets, Mingo on the outside; he shewed in front half a length the first hundred yards of the set-to, kept his place round the bend, and swung round the first quarter-pole, into the back stretch, five or six feet in advance. A murderous struggle now took place, both out, 'going the whole;' at the middle of the straight run, Post Boy was up; they went along the remainder of the back stretch head and head, nose and nose, at a tremendous pace round the south sweep, until within about eighty yards of the last quarter-pole; here Mingo lost ground, and Post Boy made the last turn near a length a-head. Mingo renewed the rally up the quarter-stretch, but it was no go; when past the barrier gate he pulled up, and Post Boy came first about two lengths, Camsidel third, Arbitrator fourth, just within the distance. The last mile run in 1m. 47s. which, at the end of a four mile heat, with 114lb. for five year olds, is, in this country, unprecedented. The heat run in 8m. 7s.

*Second heat.*—After the lapse of thirty-five minutes the horses were called; Arbitrator being lame, was drawn.

They went off at the first attempt, Post Boy making the running, Camsidel taking the second place, Mingo trailing three lengths. They continued in this order, with little or no alteration, until within about one hundred and twenty yards from home, when all hope of Mingo's intending to make an effort having subsided, his rider, as though roused from a reverie, put spurs to him, and laid the whip on at the same moment, the horse went forward with the velocity of a rocket, shook Camsidel off in an instant, was up head and neck with Post Boy in a twinkling, and, had the distance admitted of two more strides, would inevitably have headed him. As it was, he lost the race by about three feet, or less.—Run in 8m. 59s.

The first mile of this heat run in 2m. 9s.; second, in 2m. 3s.; third in 1m. 57s.; and the fourth, in 1m. 59s. Here again was a very quick mile, and that too in a second heat.

To say, as some prints have done, that Mingo took Post Boy by surprise, is absurd. The fact is, that Post Boy went off from score for a distance, in expectation of obtaining the whole money, the terms being, that the second horse should receive three hundred dollars out of the purse, unless distanced. Mingo's rider was ordered to trail until directed to make play, and the signal was withheld too long.

### THREE RIVERS (L. C.) RACES.

We are glad to see that our Canadian friends have not fallen off this year in their devotion to the national characteristic of the Mother Country—a becoming interest in the improvement of the breed of that noblest of animals, the horse. The Montreal Turf Club lately met, and elected officers for the current year, and promise capital sport at their annual meeting, commencing on the 30th instant. The Three Rivers races, the details of which are given below, were attended by a numerous assemblage of the talent, and fashion of the Province. Though excluded from contesting for the King's Plate, several turfmen were present from the States, and their stables will probably 'make their expenses,' should they be entered for the purses, at Blainville, and Montreal. We are indebted to the Quebec *Mercury* and Montreal *Gazette*, for the report annexed.

July 28, 1836.—The Three Rivers Annual Races commenced to-day, and came off in the following order:—

The King's Plate of fifty guineas, a gift from our most gracious Sovereign.

Entrance 5*l.*; heats, two miles and a distance, open to all horses bred in the Province of Lower Canada that never won match, plate, or sweepstakes. Weights,—three year olds, 8st. 2lbs.; four year olds, 9st. 3lbs.; five year olds, 9st. 9lbs.; six year olds, 10st.

Mr. A. P. Hart's b. m. Brunette, aged, by Cock of the Rock, dam, Noblesse	4 1 1
Mr. Wm. Sharpe's b. m. Witch, by Sir Walter, dam, Countess	1 2 2
Mr. W. McGrath's b. g. Shillelagh, aged	2 dis.
Mr. McDonald's c. m. Canada Lass, aged	3 dis.
Mr. Gibb's b. m. Victoria, by Sir Walter, dam Roxana, 4 years old	5 dis.
Mr. M. David's b. g. Vivian, by Brilliant, out of the imported mare Berwickshire Lass, 4 yrs old	6 dis.

This race was well contested. The winner's sire, Cock of the Rock, contended often and frequently with success, some years ago, on the Montreal course, on which the dam formerly known as the Mitchell mare, also, in her day, greatly distinguished herself. Victoria was badly ridden, and bolted in both heats. After she did so in the first heat, her rider brought her back on the course, and after passing several of the horses she came in fourth.

That the restrictions under which horses run for the King's Plate, which his Majesty has been graciously pleased to give to Lower Canada, expressly for the encouragement of the breed of horses in this province, are not uncalled for, the following paragraph, which has appeared in the *New York Spirit of the Times*, and other papers devoted to sporting intelligence, will abundantly show. The object is to improve the breed of horses by giving a prize for horses 'bred in the Province,' and not to allow any *Philo* of the Turf from the neighboring States, however worthy a fellow or fair sportsman he may be, 'to grace his sideboard,' and walk off with his Majesty's *fifty-guineas*. An amendment might, however, be made in allowing entire horses or mares imported from the Mother Country or from the United States to start, on the owners giving security that they should remain in the Province, for the purpose of breeding, for at least *five* years. The paragraph we refer to is as follows:—

'Mr. Philo C. Bush last year made a tour of the 'soft places' in the West and in Canada with his stable, raking the most of the courses in his progress. Profiting by dear bought experience, the authorities of Canada, in offering a King's Plate to be run for this year at Three Rivers, excluded all horses not bred in the provinces, to the great disappointment of a gentleman who promised us a prime glass of punch from that same King's Plate, which his lady flattered herself would in due time grace her sideboard.'

*St. Maurice Stakes, of \$40.*—Open to all horses.—Entrance, \$5; heats one mile and a distance. Weights,—3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lbs.; 4 yrs. old, 9st. 3lbs.; 5 yrs. old, 9st. 9lbs.; 6 yrs. old and aged, 10st.

Mr. Yarker's g. g. 5 yrs. old	1 1
Mr. Judah's c. h. Waterson, by Sir Walter, out of an imp. mare, aged 2	2 2

*The Ladies' Purse of \$50.*—Open to all horses.—Entrance, \$10; heats, one mile and a distance; gentlemen riders. Weights, 10st.

Mr. Yarker's c. m. Rival, aged	1 1
Mr. Weir's b. g. Shamrock, aged	3 2
Mr. A. P. Hart's b. m. Childers, aged	2 3
Capt. Smith's b. m. Bessy Bedlam, aged	5 4
Mr. Provandier's c. m. Time, 6 yrs. old	4 5

The weather was warm and dry during the day, and the course, which occupies an elevated sandy plain, being much cut up by the training over it, was very dusty. Much credit is due to the Stewards for their very judicious arrangements, and to the inhabitants of Three Rivers for the quiet and orderly manner in which every thing was conducted, no row or fighting having occurred, rather an unusual circumstance on a race course, where excitement is generally so great; but one thing was wanting to render the amusements complete, the Stewards for the next season may perhaps take the hint, there was neither a race dinner or ball; the sporting public expect one or the other, or both if practicable, next year.

*Third Day.*—The weather was so bad that no race came off, except a match for 25 sovs., a single two miles, between Mr. Hart's Brunette, the winner of the King's Plate, and Mr. Weir's horse Shamrock, which ran second to Mr. Yarker's Rival in the second heat, for the Ladies' Purse. The horse proved the winner after a well contested race.

[New York Spirit of the Times.]



## TURF REGISTER.

*Blood Stock of W. R. & M. R. Smith, of Laurens district, South Carolina.*

Ch. m. MARY FRANCES, foaled 22d April, 1826—was got by Director, her dam by Gallatin, g. dam by Sertorius, g. g. dam by Classical, out of a mare that was raced and noted in her time, but her blood unknown, although the whole stock were speedy and game so far as they were tried. Classical was by old Celer, the best son of old Janus.

*Performances of Mary Frances.*

Columbia, S. C. January 14, 1831, two mile heats, she ran third to Andrew and Little Venus—time, 3m. 55s. 4m. 3s. 4m. 5s.

Deadfall, Abbeville District, October, 1830, two mile heats, she won the purse, beating two others, not named—time, 4m. 4m. 4s.

Charleston, February, 1832, sweepstakes, two mile heats, she beat Col. Ferguson's Jessamine—time, 4m. 6s. 4m. 25s.; won easily. Same place, in a handicap race, three mile heats, she ran third to Little Venus and Trifle—time, 5m. 51s. 5m. 49s.

Camden, S. C. January, 1832, four mile heats, she ran second to Muckle John—time, 8m. 20s. 8m. 21s. Same place, next day, handicap purse, two mile heats, she took the purse, beating four others—time, 4m. 2s. 3m. 57s. 4m. 7s.

Deadfall, S. C. October, 1831, two mile heats, she won the purse, beating Sophia and Bucephalus—time, 3m. 58s. 4m. 4m. 2s. See Turf Register, vol. 2, pages 353, 559; vol. 3, p. 336, 367, 368, 481.

*Her produce :*

1. Ch. colt by Sir Charles, foaled in April, 1832—dead.

2. Ch. colt by Bertrand, Jr. foaled the 20th April, 1834.

3. Ch. colt by Argyle, foaled 9th Feb. 1836—stinted to imp. Hedgeford.

Ch. mare MARTHA GRIFFIN, foaled 17th March, 1830, out of the dam of Mary Frances, by Phenomenon.

*Her produce :*

Ch. c. by Argyle, foaled April, 1836; dead. Stinted to imported Rowton.

*Performances of Martha Griffin.*

Deadfall, S. C. October, 1833, mile heats, she beat two others—time, 1m. 54s. 1m. 55s.

Augusta, Geo. December, 1834, two mile heats, she ran second to Haven's Wade Hampton—time, 4m. 1s. 4m. 18s. 4m. 15s.

CASTINIARA, a bay mare, foaled 10th March, 1831; was got by Rob Roy, her dam by Darling Dove, he by old Quicksilver, who was by imp. Medley. The balance of her pedigree lost.

*Her produce :*

Ch. filly by Red Gauntlet, by Sir Archy, out of Sylph, who was out of Lottery, by imp. Bedford. Stinted to Expectation, full brother to Martha Griffin.

Ch. filly MISS NEWBERRY, was foaled in May, 1832, was got by Rob Roy, her dam by Hephestion, her g. dam by Classical, her g. grandam by Quicksilver, out of a good mare, stock unknown, now on the turf.

*The pedigrees of a part of the blooded horses owned by Thos. H. Reeder, of Charles county, Maryland.*

1. MARIA, bay, with black legs, foaled April 18, 1800, five feet high, got by imp. Cœur de Lion; dam by Col. John Tayloe's Bellair; grandam, Mr. Andrew Meade's celebrated Oracle, by imp. Obscurity; g. grandam old Fluvier, by Celer; old Partner; imp. Janus; imp. Valiant; Jolly Roger; an imp. mare, the property of Peter Randolph, Esq.—Bred by John Stith, Esq. the son-in-law of Mr. Meade, who gave a certificate of her pedigree—bought by Thomas H. Reeder in the year 1809.

Bellair—see Turf Reg.

Partner was son of Morton's imp. Traveller, and Col. Tasker's imp. Selima.

2. CAMILLUS, bay, with black legs, foaled 1806, five feet one inch high, got by Volunteer; his dam, Col. William Thornton's favorite mare Blossom, by Rockingham; Lady Piercy, by Cub; Lady Northumberland, by Northumberland; Shakspeare; Regulus; Parker's Snip; old Partner; Bloody Buttocks; Makeless; Greyhound; Place's White Turk; Brimmer; Layton Barb mare—Bred by Capt. William Mason, Charles county, Maryland, and bought of him by Thos. H. Reeder in the fall after he was foaled.

Volunteer, bred by Capt. Wm. Mason, and got by Doctor Thomas Marshall's Fox; his dam a brown mare, Lovely, by imp. Shark; grandam Lovely, a brown mare, by imp. Eclipse, out of an imported mare of Peter Randolph, Esq.

Rockingham, sire to Blossom, was bred by Gen. Nelson, and got by Part-

ner; his dam imp. Blossom, by the King's plate horse Sloe, out of a mare of Lord Rockingham's, that won the hundred guinea plate at Black Hamilton, in Yorkshire, and was turned out for a brood mare.

Cub was bred by Col. F. Thornton, and got by old Yorick; his dam by Silverlegs; grandam, bred in England by Mr. Hodson, of Yorkshire, and got by old Cub, a son of old Fox and the Warlock Galloway; Foresmond, a son of the Bolton Sterling and Young Cade's dam, second brother to Snip; Mogul, brother to Bertram; Sweepstake, sire to the dam of Whistle Jacket; Bay Bolton, and a sister to Sloven; Curwen's bay Barb; Curwen's old Spot; Lowther's white legged Barb. Cub was sold for 15,500 lbs. crop tobacco.

The foregoing pedigrees I obtained from Capt. Wm. Mason, and certified to by him and his brothers, Gen. Thompson Mason and Thomas Mason.

Fox, the sire of Volunteer, bred by Doctor Thomas Marshall, and foaled 31st May, 1791; was got by imp. Venitian; his dam Bellair, by Othello, out of an imported mare from the Duke of Hamilton's stud, by Spot; Cartouch; Tedbury; Childers, a Barb mare.

3. CAMILLA, foaled May 10, 1811, got by Camillus, No. 2, out of Maria, No. 1. She was bay, with black legs, and 14½ hands high.

4. YOUNG MARIA, bay, with black legs, 14½ hands high, foaled February 16, 1816, and got by Anacreon, out of Camilla, No. 3. Gave her to Capt. T. H. Fowke in 1818—she is now living and breeding.

Anacreon was got by imp. Young Sir Peter Teazle; his dam, Cleopatra, by imp. Eclipse; grandam, Col. Brent's Ebony, by Othello, out of Col. Tasker's Selima.

5. FULVIA, bay, with black legs, foaled 1824, got by Young Fox, out of Camilla, No. 3. I now have her.

Young Fox was got by Maj. Greer's Potomac; his dam by Doctor Marshall's Fox, (see above); grandam by Lindsey's Arabian; g. grandam by imp. Dove; imp. Fearnought; a thorough bred mare.

Potomac was by First Consul; dam by imp. Bedford—he was a good runner at all distances.

6. CATO, a bay colt, with black legs, and three feet white to the fetlocks, about five feet high, foaled in June, 1832; he was got by Combination; his dam Virginia, by imp. Chance; grandam Virginia, by Americus; g. grandam Fa-

tima, by Spread Eagle; g. g. grandam Aurora, by Lindsey's Arabian, out of an imported mare, the property of Benjamin Harrison, Esq. of Virginia, I presume the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Cato is very like his grandsire (Chance) and about his size. I think him one of the most perfect and powerful colts I have ever seen. His dam was bred by Major Greer, of whom I bought her; I have since sold her to Messrs. Buckner and Forbes. I would sell Cato.

Combination, a dark bay, fine size, got by the Hon. John Randolph's Gracchus; dam by Anvil, (Phenomenon); grandam by Dr. Marshall's Fox, (see above, the sire of Volunteer, and grand-sire of Camillus, No. 2); g. grandam by imp. Venitian; g. g. grandam by True Whig; g. g. g. grandam by Cub, (see Cub, above; g. g. g. g. grandam by old Yorick, &c.

NOTE.—The grandam of Combination, by Fox, was grandam also of Vanguard, Napoleon, Pomonkey, (all good runners) and others: Vanguard and Napoleon, by Chance; Pomonkey, by Cornwallis, (a son of Florizel, out of a daughter of First Consul and Dr. Edelin's Floretta.

Gracchus (Mr. Randolph's) was got by Diomed; Cornelia, by Chanticleer; Vanity, by Celer; Mark Antony; Jolly Roger, &c.

Anvil (Phenomenon) see *Turf Register*, vol. iv. p. 318. He was bred by Landon Carter, Esq. of Saline Hall, Virginia, and got by imp. Cormorant; his dam by Col. John Tayloe's Bellair; grandam (got in England) by Highflyer; g. grandam by Star; Panton's Arabian; old Crab; Shock; Little Hartley mare, by Childers; Flying Whig; Williams's Woodstock Arabian.

7. ORACLE, chestnut filly, foaled in May, 1833, by Velocity, out of Young Maria, No. 4—very handsome.

Velocity was bred by Geo. Semmes, Esq. of Prince George's county, Maryland, and got by Rob Roy; his dam by Gov. Ogle's Oscar; grandam, Doctor Edelin's celebrated Floretta, by Spread Eagle; g. grandam by Hall's Union; Leonidas; Othello; George's Juniper; Morton's Traveller; Col. Tasker's Selima. In the two above pedigrees I have followed those published.

Oscar was bred by Gov. Ogle, and got by imp. Gabriel; dam Vixen, by Medley; Penelope, by old Yorick; Ranter, old Gift, &c.—The best son of Gabriel, not excepting the famous Post Boy.

I have named all that I have sold or given away. THOS. H. REEDER.

*Omitted*—Rob Roy, by Gracchus, out of Lady Bunbury, by Trumpator; Theopha, by Highflyer; Plaything, by Matchem; Vixen, by Regulus, &c.—This pedigree, I have no doubt, is published, as well as First Consul's and True Whig's, (a very fine horse) neither of which latter have I. T. H. R.

*Also omitted*—Americus, by imported Shark; his dam by Wildair; grandam by Vampire; g. grandam imp. Kitty Fisher, by Cade, &c.

*Blooded Stock belonging to Thomas Stevenson, of Woodford Co. Ky.*

1. FANNY WINN, ch. mare, five feet high, of fine form, foaled 1825, never trained; got by Sumpter; her dam by Robin Grey; grandam by imp. Cliften; g. grandam by Bellair; her g. g. grandam by imp. Medley; Robin Grey by imp. Royalist; his dam by Grey Diomed. For pedigrees of Sumpter, Cliften, Bellair, Medley, Royalist, and Grey Diomed, see American Turf Register.

*Her produce :*

1. Bay colt, three years old, five feet two inches high, by Shakspeare; has been trained, and is promising, but has never made a public race.

2. Ch. colt, foaled 1834, by Collier—dead.

3. Ch. colt, foaled 1835, by Lance, very large, now in foal by Columbus.

2. CAMILLA, ch. mare, of very fine form, five feet one inch high, full sister to Fanny Winn, foaled 1826; has been trained—for her performances, see A. T. Register.

*Her produce :*

Ch. colt, foaled 1835, by Collier; lost twin colts last spring by Medoc; in foal again by Medoc.

3. Bay mare, foaled 1829, got by Potomac; her dam by Young McKenny Roan; her grandam by Union; her g. grandam by Duncareless—never trained. Sold to the Rev. Mr. Lacock.

*Her produce :*

1. Bay filly foaled 1833, by Seagull, brother of Transport.

2. Bay colt foaled 1834, by Charles Carr, by William of Transport.

3. Grey filly, foaled 1835, by Jim Crack, by Cumberland, by Pacolet.

4. Bay mare, fine size and form; foaled 1825; got by Doublehead, by Eclipse, by Diomed; her dam by Decius, by Carrist, by Celer, by imp. Janus, out of a fine Virginia mare. Sold to the Rev. Mr. Lacock.

5. NANCY BROWN, b. m. foaled 1831,

by Archy of Transport, the sire of Rodolph; her dam by Superior; grandam Cook's Whip; her g. grandam by Buzard—trained at three years old, and run at Georgetown in a stake, six entries—all started; she ran second, beaten by Caroline Scott; since has been very badly hipshotten—now in foal by Lance.

6. Bay filly, foaled 1833, by Reveler, by Sumpter; Reveler's dam by imp. Spread Eagle; grandam by Jim Crack, he by Medley; g. grandam by imp. Flimnap; filly's dam by Winter Arabian; grandam by Orphan, by Florizel; g. grandam by Lady Grey, by Robin Grey, the dam of Moriah, McDuffy, &c. For pedigree see T. R.

7. JIM CRACK, a beautiful iron grey, foaled 1830, five feet two inches high, of perfect form; he was got by Cumberland, by Pacolet; his dam by Tiger; grandam by Hamiltonian; g. grandam by Grey Alfred; he by Lindsey's Arabian; g. g. grandam by Active. He has been trained, and run fourteen or fifteen races, winning nine or ten. A part of his performances can be seen in the A. T. R.

8. DRUNKARD, ch. foaled 1830, by Sumpter; his dam by Moses. Trained at three years old, and run at Lexington and Louisville; was very promising—in his after trainings fell lame; until now we believe him entirely well. He is now a gelding, and for sale. Also, No. 7 is for sale.

THOS. STEVENSON.

*Stud of John Jackson, Esq. of Jones county, Georgia.*

1. YORK, a stallion, of a remarkably beautiful chetsnut colour, six years old, the rise of fifteen hands high, possessing great bone, substance and beauty. He was got by Childers, (full brother to Ratler, Sumpter, and Flirtilla,) he by Sir Archy. York's dam was Ellen, by Duroc; grandam Gipsey, by Florizel; g. grandam by imp. Gabriel; g. g. grandam by imp. Bedford; g. g. g. grandam by imp. Messenger; g. g. g. g. grandam by Grey Diomed; g. g. g. g. g. grandam by imp. Hunting Squirrel. See Turf Register, vol. vi. p. 102.

The owner has the certificate of Robert Gilmore, Jr. and Gen. Armstrong, for York's pedigree.

2. FREDRECA, by Gohanna, dam Ali croker, by Sir Hal; grandam by Wonder; g. grandam by Bellair; g. g. grandam by old Medley; g. g. g. grandam Col. Ruffin's imp. mare.

Supposed to be in foal to Tranby.

The owner has the certificate of Ro-

bert Gilmor, Jr. and others, for her pedigree. See Turf Register, vol. 6, p. 102.

3. **BLACK SAL**, eight years old; she was got by Eclipse, dam by Hambletonian, son of imp. Messenger; grandam Col. Cruge's imp. mare by Cottager; Trentham; Henricus; Regulus, &c. See Turf Register, vol. vi. p. 157; also, the American Stud Book.

The owner has the certificate of Benj. Ogle Tayloe and others. Black Sal is supposed to be in foal by Chateaux Margaux.

4. **JANE LAMAR**, ch. f. by Reynolds' Contention, he by old Contention, out of the famous Sal Flat, by Bellair, of Georgia. Jane Lamar's dam was by Gallatin, (full sister to Maria, the dam of Charles Kemble, Pilot, and others.) See Turf Register, vol. vii. p. 144.

*Property of Edwin Eanes.*

**MERCURY**, foaled 1828, by Stockholder; bred by Arthur Colton; dam by old Pacolet; grandam Rosy Clack, by imp. Saltram.

**ELIZA SCOTT**, by Stockholder; dam by Gabriel, by Oscar, by imp. Gabriel; grandam by Hall's Doublehead, by Gen. Jackson's Doublehead, by imp. Diomed.

Miss Luzborough, a fine colt, foaled this spring, and very promising, by her side. Now in foal to Mercury.

**EDWIN EANES.**

**FINANCIER**, a bay horse, bred in South Carolina by Colonel John Richardson. He was a horse of fine size, about sixteen hands high, of fair speed, and great beauty; a good second rate horse in his day. He was confessedly inferior to Virginius, Hephestion, Rosicrucian, and Claudia. This last beat him *twice*; with the others I believe he never ran.

Financier by Buzzard, (imp.); his dam Dorocles, by Shark, (imp.); grandam by Clockfast, (imp.); g. grandam Beeswell's Maria, by Regulus. Dorocles was full sister of Black Maria, dam of Lady Lightfoot.

This is given by one who knew him well, saw Financier run his first race, and often afterwards. B.

*Port Gibson, July 6, 1836.*

DEAR SIR: I have taken the liberty

of sending you the pedigree of a horse called Red Fox.

**RED FOX** is a beautiful red sorrel, fifteen hands three inches high, and thirteen years old last spring. He was sired by Virginian; his dam Poll Baker, by imp. Knowsley; grandam by Jolly Air. Mr. Henry Wright, of Tennessee, purchased him in November, 1827, for \$1,000.

Mr. Wright says that he was entirely inexperienced in the art of training horses, and had to learn on Red Fox. His first race was at Paris, Tennessee, mile heats, a match race against Columbian Greyhound, which race he won in two heats, distancing the Greyhound. In the fall of 1828, then five years old, he started for the Jockey Club purse at Jackson, Tenn. three miles and repeat, contending against a Conqueror filly, an Archy, and a Whip horse. He distanced the field the second heat. In the fall of 1829 he started for the Jackson Jockey Club purse, three miles and repeat, against Little Napoleon and Bolivar; won by Napoleon by ten feet. In this race Red Fox carried four lbs. over his weight, the track very heavy, and raining heavily during the whole race; the second heat he fell twice to his knees, which no doubt lost him the heat. In 1830 he run for the Jockey Club purse at Jackson, Tenn. against Sir Wm. Wallace and Citizen; won by Red Fox in two heats—time: 1st heat, 6m. 2s.; 2d heat, 6m. 13s. The Jackson turf is thought by sportsmen to be unfavourable to good time. I have no doubt, from all the information I can gather from respectable sources, that Red Fox is as fine a blooded horse as any in America. I have a colt by Red Fox out of a Sir Archy mare, her dam a full blooded Bedford, for which I speak the name of Irene. His colts are very fine; unfortunately, he has had but few thorough bred mares to him in this part of the country. I have also a colt foaled in April by Red Fox, and out of a Pacolet mare, her dam a Whip; I think as promising as any colt I ever saw.

Very respectfully,

T. B. MAGRUDER.

N. B. I also speak the name of Sky Skipper for my ch. c. foaled in April, 1836.

T. B. M.

**CORRECTION.**—In the list of W. N. Dorsett's stock in the last number, vol. 7, page 576, instead of Belle Facy read Belle Tracy. Ellen and colt are for sale, instead of 'Ellen's colts,' &c. Abbe Rattler was the property of Thos. F. Bowie, Esq.—she is dead. The signature should have been W. N. Dorsett.



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